

GERMANS ACTIVE.

Interned Sailors at Newport Build Novel Village.

HAVE INGENIOUS DIVERSIONS.

Miniature Zeppelin Dropping Bombs on England One of Former Sea Raiders' Amusements—Party Finds Everything Spick and Span.

Norfolk, Va.—Many people would be surprised to learn that in neutral America a German Zeppelin is flying around dropping bombs on English soil, or at least English cliffs, and being in return bombarded by anti-air craft guns.

Time hangs heavy on the hands of the crew of the interned cruiser Eitel Friedrich, which is tied up at the navy yard here. Since the sailors took to escaping last summer the restrictions have been rigidly enforced, and any one sailing past the big boat before and since would be struck by the



Photo by American Press Association.

COMMANDER THIERICHENS (ABOVE) AND CAPTAIN THIERFELDER.

change in the appearance of the brass and wood work, which is now immaculately polished and scraped in an effort to kill time. German sailors can do many wonderful things, but even they are hard put to it to invent occupations for hundreds of active men, and Commander Thierichens asked the representative of a society in New York last autumn to send Christmas presents of games and puzzles and indoor sports rather than handkerchiefs and cakes and clothing. And lately a new diversion has been attempted.

From the clinkers of the furnace room the cliffs of Dover have been constructed at one end of the big dining saloon. They have been built in accurate imitation of the real ones and colored white with salt. On top is a lighthouse with air guns mounted at the base. At the farther end of the room rises a miniature Zeppelin numbered 1820, which flies around the room by electricity several times. It hovers for a moment over the lighthouse, drops several miniature bombs and makes its escape while the guns go off automatically and bombard the enemy craft with missiles.

After hearing of these performances a correspondent and some friends visited the German encampment. Landing at the navy yard, they passed the huge drydocks in which ships of tremendous tonnage looked like pygmies, and soon their attention was called to a sturdy, high bow ship, flying the fisheries flag. Her sides looked of enormous strength, being rounded away from a sharp bow in an unusual way. This was the famous Roosevelt, Peary's arctic ship, now in government employment to protect the seal fisheries.

One of the most interesting sights at Norfolk is the model village built by the German sailors.

At first sight the village resembled an arid waste of slag heaps, with piles of condemned material scattered all over, cinders, beaten earth and rubbish everywhere—not a tree, not a spear of grass, the acme of desolation. As they advanced they saw a pygmy village built in close formation—curious little houses in miniature yards, carved and painted in fantastic ways. This is the village the interned sailors are building out of waste material. Before visiting it they went aboard the Eitel Friedrich, which is tied up at the dock and on which the sailors of both cruisers are now living.

As they were leaving the boat Captain Thierfelder of the Kronprinz Wilhelm joined them and escorted them to the village. Everything was found in spick and span shape, and resemblances of home scenes were many.

This is Styleplus Week From Maine to California!



A National Clothing Event for the display and demonstration of the famous suit that always sells at the nationally known price.

**Styleplus
Clothes \$17**

"The Same Price the Nation Over."

The price is no more this season than it was last season---in spite of the war. It is the only suit in America nationally advertised at one price and thus identified in the public mind as to standard workmanship, standard of woollens as well as standard price.

We will have a big display and we welcome the chance to show you why Styleplus Seventeen is a great achievement---because the makers specialize on this suit of known price.

Distinctive all wool fabrics, plus liberal hand tailoring, plus the work of one of the great fashion artists, all for \$17.

For sale by us alone here.

N. B. Carver & Sons,
10-12 Baltimore St., Hanover, Pa.

**Mr. J. F. Rickrode
SELLS
BUTTERINE AT COST**
For The
Union Trading Co.
BEST GRADE
21 Cts. lb.
NONE BETTER.

Coach Repairing.

I desire to inform the public in general that I am now located in my new building, on Berlin Avenue, where I am better prepared than ever to do all kinds of Wood Repair Work; Wheels a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
8-18 ALEX. BYER, New Oxford, Pa.

WANTED!

Cows of all kinds. Drop card to
R. ALTLAND.
Abbottstown, Pa.

GEO. A. MILLER,
PAPER HANGER
AND DECORATOR

Lincoln Way, East, - New Oxford, Pa.
All Kinds of Wall Hanging at Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,

DENTIST,
Office:
Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.
All work neatly done and guaranteed

**BUILD OF CONCRETE
Use SECURITY Cement**

Concrete farm buildings afford the owner many advantages and economies that cannot be had with buildings erected of any other material.

They can be erected with astonishing ease and are fire-proof, rat-proof and time-proof. The reduced insurance rates alone effect a saving that quickly makes building with concrete a real economy.

Our free literature tells how to erect buildings and silos and how to use concrete to advantage in 'dozens of ways. Send for it.

**CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE
SECURITY, THE PERMANENT CEMENT
Security Cement and Lime Co.,
Hagerstown, Maryland**

Members of The Cement Association—The National Body.

Sold By
GILBERT & SON,
New Oxford, Pa.

THE White Pearl FLOUR

We undertook the task of discovering a way to secure the Quality desired in Flour. The result was accomplished.

This was years ago and still

The "White Pearl"

leads, setting a standard and making "THE FLOUR OF THE FUTURE" A REALITY.

Sold by all dealers.
Manufactured at Hamilton Roller Mill, R. R. No. 2, East Berlin, Pa.

J. R. Hartman
PROPRIETOR.

WANTED. Responsible Men

To sell Watkins Products in parts of Adams and Cumberland counties. An opportunity to get into a business of your own without investing one dollar in the goods you sell. Must be able to furnish team or auto and give personal bond with two responsible sureties.

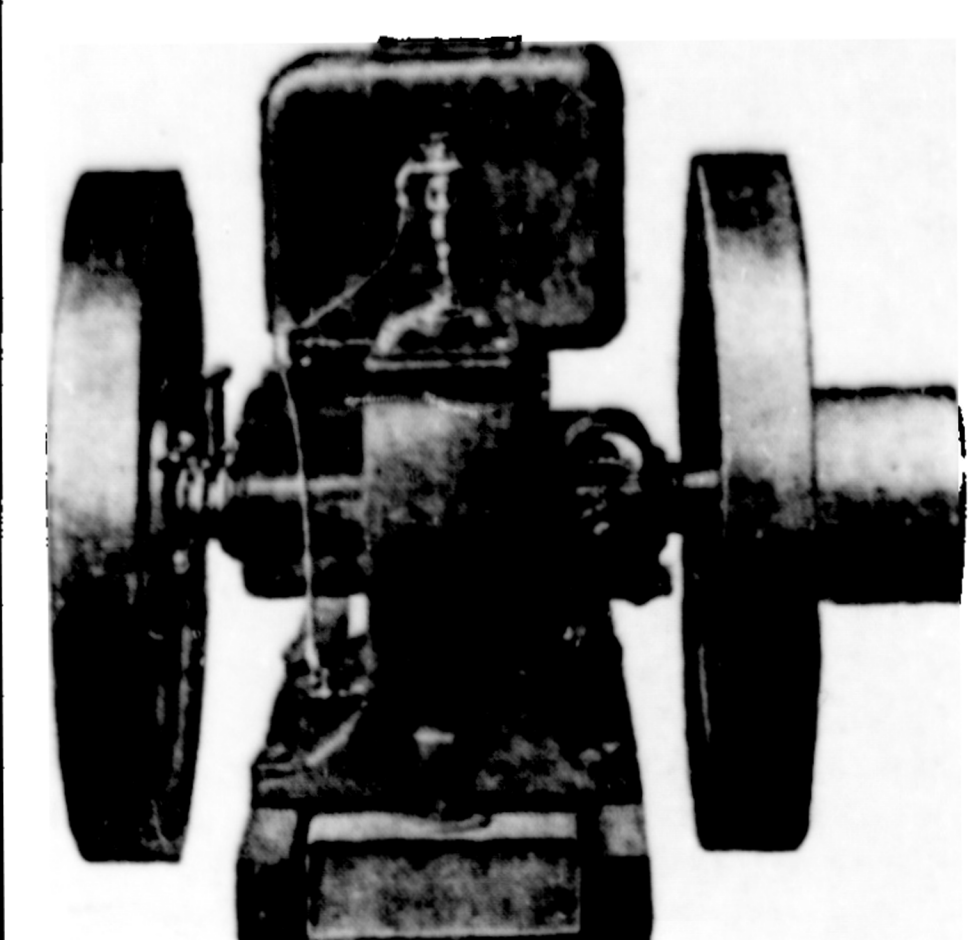
I. A. WILT, New Oxford, Pa.
Bell Phone 28--R5. 12-16

Subscribe for the Item. Only \$1.00.

You Need Help? A GRAY Gasoline Motor

Will Do It.

Buy an Engine of Half the Usual Weight and You'll Use it twice as much.



The New Gray Model "777"

Pulls 7 H. P. Runs one month on One Oiling.

For further information inquire of

J. A. CASHMAN, Agt.,
4-6 New Oxford, Pa.

Quality Meats.

For Choice
Fresh and
Salt Meats

at all times go to the
Centre Square Meat Market.

A full supply to meet your wants always on hand, at lowest prices.

ICE

In connection with the meat market we are prepared to supply you with Pure Ice in any quantity desired.

W. J. MILLER,
N. W. COR. CENTRE SQUARE,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Furniture!

The complete line of good that fill our large rooms of fers you a choice of every thing needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING
in all its branches, a Specialty. Both Phone.

W. A. FEISER,
Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

COACH AND HAMBLETONIAN NOACHUM



This fine Stallion, Noachum, will stand for the season of 1916, at my home midway between New Chester and Hunters-town, every week day during season.

TERMS:—This horse will stand at \$7.50 for single mare, or \$12.00 for two mares, for a colt on foot. Any person parting with mare before she is known to be with foal, or failing to bring back regularly for service will be held responsible for insurance money. All possible care will be taken but no responsibility assumed for accidents.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania State Live Stock Sanitary Board, Certificate of Grade Stallion, No. 1416—The pedigree of the Stallion Noachum owned by J. W. Millhimes, Gettysburg, Pa., R. D. No. 12, described as follows: Weight 1600 lbs.; height 15 hands; color bay; Coach Hambletonian, foaled in the year 1905, has been examined and is found that the stallion is not of pure breeding, and it is therefore not eligible for registration in any studbook recognized by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Dated at Harrisburg this 13th day of July, 1911.
J. J. Marshall, Sec. S. L. S. B.

The above described stallion is certified as free from hereditary, contagious or transmissible unsoundness or disease by
JAMES W. MILLHIMES,
Owner and Keeper.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Salt, Potatoes and the Best Brands of Flour. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered free to any part of borough.

LUMBER AND COAL.
Will also at all times have a full supply of LUMBER & COAL of all kinds which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr.,
New Oxford, Pa.

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXXVIII.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1916.

NO. 2

Special Meeting at Gettysburg

Recent re-organization of rural mail service was discussed at the monthly meeting of the York and Adams counties Rural Letter Carriers' Association, held in York on Tuesday night. After all the carriers of the 25 who were present had been heard upon the subject of the re-adjustment of routes, it was decided to hold a special meeting of the association at Gettysburg at 8 o'clock p. m., on Saturday, April 29, to hear reports from carriers of Adams County. Action in regards to suggestions and recommendations to be made to the postoffice department and congressional committee upon route re-organization was deferred until the special meeting to be held at Gettysburg. At the instance of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Jas. I. Blakeslee, postoffice inspectors are now at work securing data in York and Adams counties pertaining to the recent revision of the mail service in this district. A thorough investigation is found necessary it will be made immediately.

Wanted!

at Once
5000 lbs.
Pure White
L-A-R-D.

...WILL PAY...
12c. lb.

...IN TRADE...

J. F. Rickrode,
Centre Square, New Oxford.

Sell's Store on Broadway

Paul E. Sell's Men's Furnishings store, Hanover, has been removed from No. 12 Carlisle street to the store room in the Newman building, on Broadway. This store is now open for business, although the formal opening will be delayed for several weeks.

By the purchase of handsome new furniture and fixtures, Mr. Sell has one of the most up-to-date stores in Hanover.

When in Hanover drop in and LEARN TO KNOW
PAUL E. SELL.

Political Announcements.

FOR STATE SENATOR,

ADAMS-FRANKLIN DISTRICT,

C. WM. BEALES,

OF GETTYSBURG.

Subject to the Decision of the Republican Primaries, May 16, 1916

For Legislature,

GEO. D. SHEELY,

Oxford Township,

respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters at Primaries, May 16, 1916.

POLITICAL ADVERTISING.

To The Republican Voters

of Adams County:

I wish to announce my candidacy for the nomination for Legislature at the Primary Election, May 16, 1916. My platform will be the same as that upon which I stood two years ago when I received a flattering vote with three candidates in the field. I will support the cause of temperance in whatever shape it is presented by the temperance leaders. Hoping to receive your support I am
Very truly,
SAMUEL BREAM,
Biglerville, Pa.

Marriages.

At the home of the bride's mother on Carlisle street, New Oxford, at 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, April 18th, Miss Anna C. Gable, and the Rev. Benton Rudisill, were united in marriage by the Rev. C. W. Baker, Pastor of the First Lutheran church. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only the immediate families and a few friends of the contracting parties being present. The Rev. Mr. Rudisill, who will complete his theological course this spring at Pennsylvania Seminary Gettysburg, is a son of Mr. Frank Rudisill, of Gettysburg. The bride, who is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Emma Gable, of Carlisle street, is one of New Oxford's most accomplished and highly respected young ladies. Following the ceremony the young couple left by automobile on an extended wedding tour. They will be at home at the parsonage, at West Sandlake, New York, after June 1st where the Rev. Mr. Rudisill recently accepted a call to the Lutheran church.

Jacob Rudisill, a brother of the bridegroom, and Miss Mary Bower, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Bower, Berlin Ave., were the attendants.

M. Lester Hensil, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Hensil, of Berlin avenue, and Miss Viola Catharine Rider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rider, of near Irish-town, were united in marriage at the Reformed parsonage, Lincoln Way, East, at 9:15 o'clock on Saturday evening, by the Rev. W. E. Garrett. Both bride and groom are employees of the shoe factories. They expect to go to housekeeping in the C. Clark Brown house, Carlisle street, the latter part of the present week.

At the home of Mrs. Cora E. Biddle, in Hanover, at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, her daughter, Miss Cora E. Biddle, was married to Russell D. Glass, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Glass, of Gettysburg, by the Rev. A. M. Heilmann.

Miss Grace Kesselring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Kesselring, of Biglerville, and Ray Diehl, son of Ascon Diehl, of Bedford, Pa., formerly of Biglerville, were married at Biglerville, on Sunday morning, by the Rev. C. F. Floto. They will reside in Biglerville.

Miss Genevieve Rider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Rider, of McSherrystown, and Earl J. Henry, of Hanover, were married at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, at Hanover, by the Rev. J. W. Glover.

Adam B. Rebling, of near Hanover, and Miss Stella Feeser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Feeser, of Union township, were married at Hanover on Monday evening by the Rev. M. J. Roth.

Over 99 Years Old.

Mrs. Mary Menchey, Gettysburg's oldest resident, died at her home on Monday evening at the age of 99 years, 2 months and 13 days. Mrs. Menchey was in feeble health for a number of years but her condition became worse about two weeks ago and she sank gradually until death occurred. She was born in Arendtsville February 4, 1817, a daughter of Henry and Catherine Hoffman. At an early age her family moved to a farm about five miles from Gettysburg and a few years later Mrs. Menchey came to Gettysburg. She was married in 1840 to Edward Menchey who died 34 years ago. Mrs. Menchey has lived in the house where she died, since her marriage. Surviving her are the following children: Edward, James, and John Menchey and Mrs. Fannie Yeagy, Gettysburg, and Mrs. Rebecca Geiman, Hanover. Eighteen grandchildren and 27 great-grandchildren are also living.

Buggy Caught on Gate Hook.

The hook on a gate at the farm of Philip Griest, near York Springs, caused a dangerous runaway accident on Saturday, but which, fortunately, had no serious results. Groceries scattered about the yard, pieces of the buggy strewn promiscuously over the premises and slight injuries to Miss Mabel Griest, who was driving the team, told the story of the unusual accident. Miss Griest was returning from Peters' store with some provisions. As she entered the large gate at her home one of the hind wheels caught on the gatehook. The horse became frightened and bolted forward. The hook remained fastened and the vehicle was caught as the gate swung shut. The buggy was demolished and Miss Griest was thrown out, sustaining severe cuts and bruises. The harness was badly torn.

There will be a meeting in the Methodist church on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Dr. Van Orsdel, formerly of Hunterstown, Adams county, will speak. Rev. Van Orsdel has been in Montana for the past forty years, and will give many interesting incidents of his life among the cow boys of the west. All are cordially invited to attend.

Personal.

Mrs. Q. S. Wagner and son, of Philadelphia, are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Emmert, Center Square.

Miss Mildred Myers, of Midway, was the guest of Mrs. C. B. Raffensberger, on Hanover street.

Our old friend J. A. Stallsmith, of Gettysburg, until recently, proprietor of the warehouse and general store, at Granite Station, gave us a brief but appreciated call on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Stallsmith spent the day with friends in town.

Misses Mollie and Carrie Bawden and Mollie Hershey, Lincoln Way, West, spent a few days at Atlantic City.

Miss Agnes Ehrhart, who makes her home with her niece, Mrs. E. C. Livingston, Lincoln Way, West, visited friends in Baltimore.

Mrs. Martha Jacobs and two children, of near York, spent several days at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. A. Feiser, on Lincoln Way, East.

Mrs. Jerome Miller, of near the cross-roads, spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Bair and family, at Hanover.

Miss Clara B. Feiser, a trained nurse, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Ida E. Feiser, a teacher in the Steelton schools, will spend a short vacation at the home of their mother, Mrs. H. I. Smith, Lincoln Way, East. Henry J. Smith, a Senior at Lafayette College, Easton, is also spending a week's vacation at his home here.

Miss Ina Hartman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hartman, of the Hamilton Roller Mills, spent the past week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. H. G. Wehler, cor. W. High and N. Peters streets.

Randolph Wehler, druggist, of Philadelphia, visited his mother, Mrs. S. J. Wolf, Lincoln Way, East, over Sunday.

Cloid Long, who had sale of personal property at his home on S. Water street, on Saturday afternoon, with his family left on Tuesday for Lancaster, where they expect to make their future home and where he has secured employment.

Miss Anna March, of East Berlin, spent the week end with Miss Vergie Diehl, at her home on Lincoln Way, West. Miss Diehl and Miss March are teachers in the East Berlin schools.

Frank Hetrick, wife and two daughters, and Mrs. Catharine Diehl, of near Lingg's mill; Sam'l J. Diehl and wife, of town; John V. Miller and wife, of Pines church, and Mrs. Henry Kaiser and daughter Mary, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Chronister, near Green Ridge schoolhouse.

Norman Danner, of York, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Himes, Lincoln Way West.

Miss Margaret Lerew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lerew, of near town, attended the formal reunion at Shippensburg, on Friday and is spending the week with friends at that place.

P. C. Smith, Esq., and wife, of East Berlin; G. W. Dick and wife, of Clear Spring; Mrs. E. J. Myers, son Ray and daughter Hattie, of New Jersey, spent Sunday with H. E. Lerew and family, near New Oxford.

Mrs. I. H. Lingg, of Emmitsburg, spent a few days with friends in town and vicinity.

Jacob Kemper and wife, of Fairfield, were the guests of Walter H. Beamer and wife, at the New Oxford Flouring Mills.

Miss Alice Hoover, of Hanover, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Kling, at the New Oxford Flouring Mills.

J. H. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, was the guest of N. Lingg and family, near town.

Jacob Kemper, of Fairfield, spent Sunday and Monday at the home of his uncle and aunt, A. J. Gulden and wife, Hanover street. Clinton Emler, wife and son, of Hanover, spent Sunday at the same place.

Miss Mary Storm, of near town, spent Monday with her sister, Anna, at Blue Gables, Midway.

One of the most dastardly violations

of the game laws in Pennsylvania yet noted by the State Game Commission was unearthed Saturday, according to two State game protectors, who arrested B. F. Carbaugh, a farmer residing near Mt. Alto. Carbaugh was held under \$600 bail for a hearing next Saturday. The charges brought against Carbaugh included the killing of deer out of season, killing two does and having venison in possession illegally. One of the does would have given birth to a fawn within a few days and the other would have had two offspring, and by his action Carbaugh really killed five deer. He killed the does on his own property then, removing the hind quarters for steak, hid the balance of the carcasses in bushes.

Letters that remain uncalled for in the New Oxford Postoffice: Elizabeth Miller, Jennie Geffkin, Virginia Geffkin, Mrs. Samuel Kemper, Chas. A. Robinson, Harry Noel, Chas. Black, D. J. Swartz, Stewart Wichler, Glen Smith, F. Cinto, Liguir Michelangelo Casello. Any one calling for any of the above, will please say they were advertised. Theo. E. Warner, P. M.

Sudler Hangs For Murder.

At a few minutes after 6 o'clock on Friday morning, Solomon Sudler paid the penalty for the killing of William Brown, on the latter's farm near Littlestown, last New Year's Day. The condemned man mounted the scaffold, which had been erected in an enclosure 18x18 feet for this purpose, at the Westminster jail, with no outward sign of nervousness and with the semblance of a smile upon his face. He would make no statement to the crowd of between 300 and 400 people which had gathered to see him die and which necessitated the tearing out of one end of the enclosure. About twelve women were also present. After the adjusting of the straps and cap, and when the minister had finished praying, all of which required but a few minutes after Sudler had mounted the scaffold, the trap was sprung by Sheriff Stoner and 20 minutes later the negro was pronounced dead.

The murder of Brown by Sudler, according to the evidence was the most brutal that has occurred in Carroll county or the State in recent years. Brown was killed on January 1. At first it was thought that he was struck with a rock by Sudler in a cow shed, but later it was found that the negro shot Brown with a gun while he was engaged in milking. He then attacked the body to a horse and dragged it to a nearby woods. On the same night Sudler who was employed by Brown, disappeared. The negro was later arrested in Cumberland and taken to Westminster, where he confessed.

Crushed Between Trolley Cars

When their automobile was caught between two trolley cars in York on Saturday evening, three Hanover youths sustained painful cuts and bruises, but all of them miraculously escaped serious injury. The automobile was crushed like an egg in the collision. The boys are William Greenaway, Bert Wentz and Joseph Miller. The accident occurred on East Market street, about 8:30 o'clock.

Bertha J. Kuhn, administratrix, of Estate of Edward J. Kuhn, of Midway, on Saturday sold the following stocks and bonds. One (\$100.00) Hanover Consumers Water Co., to McClean Stock Exch. for \$113.00.

Two (\$1000.00) Ann Arbor Railroad Co., to J. H. Fleming for \$62.50 each.

One (\$500.00) Baltimore and Cumberland Valley Railroad to C. J. Delone for \$100.

Thirtysix shares Hanover Saving Fund Society, (\$10.00) to C. J. Delone for \$55.00 a share.

Fourteen shares Littlestown Savings Bank, (\$25.00) to Hon. S. S. Mehring for \$106.00 a share.

Ten shares Gettysburg National Bank (\$50.00) 5 shares to Philip Hoffman at \$123.00 a share and 5 shares to same at \$123.25 a share.

Two shares Hanover Agricultural Society (\$25.00) to J. W. Fischer at \$15 a share.

One share Hanover Saving Fund Society (\$10.00) to C. J. Delone at \$80.00.

Members of W. C. No. 22, P. O. S. of A., who recently organized a band, have elected the following officers:

President—Charles Stock.

Vice President—Guy Miller.

Secretary—Claude Stock.

Treasurer—R. M. Baugher.

Manager—Harry Pittenturf.

Prof. A. B. Morelock, of Hanover, was chosen musical director. The band is composed of about 28 members. Rehearsals will be held every Tuesday evening in the camp room.

Two Adams county Civil War veterans will receive increased pensions by provision of a special bill passed by congress, through the efforts of Congressman-at-Large Daniel F. Lefane. Each of the veterans will now receive \$30 a month. The veterans receiving the raise are: Joseph Wierman, of Arendtsville, member of Company I, 127th Reg., Penna. Vol. Inf. Jacob H. Wierman, of Arendtsville, member of Company B, 21st Reg., Penna. Vol. Inf.

More deaths occurred during the month of January than in any month in several years, according to the figures of the State Department of Health. There were 13,510 deaths and 18,114 births, the birth being lower than for months.

The body of an unidentified man, badly decomposed, was found in brush April 12, along the Susquehanna river at McCall's Ferry dam. It is believed that it is that of Peter Smith, a retired railroad engineer, who disappeared from his home about 5 weeks ago, near Tucuman.

Hospital Patients.

Mrs. Alonza Hoffman, of York Springs, was admitted to the York hospital on Wednesday, where she underwent a surgical operation.

Mrs. Washington Lauver, of Cashtown, was taken to a Baltimore hospital, on Tuesday, for treatment.

The brick manufacturing plant, for many years operated by Alvine Brothers, at Spring Grove, has been discontinued permanently by A. D. Swartz, who several years ago acquired the property.

VILLA'S BODY FOUND IN GRAVE

Remains of Bandit Chief Being Taken to Juarez.

Pancho Villa's body was taken out of its lonely grave on Francisco Borja ranch near Chihuahua, Chihuahua, and positively identified, according to Mexican official advice and private messages from San Antonio, Mexico.

The bandit died from gangrene as a result of a wound in his left knee.

If the death of Villa, generally credited on the border, is true, the United States army will immediately be withdrawn from Mexico, the object of its entry having been accomplished.

The story of the finding of the body came from several sources. First Carranza officials received messages from San Antonio and Madera, both in the state of Chihuahua. Later a private message from San Antonio, Chihuahua, confirmed the finding of the body and gave the details. This message said that a former Villa colonel, captured by General Cavazos, a Carranza commander, offered, if his life was spared, to show where Villa was buried. The offer was accepted and he led a commander under Colonel Carlos Carranza, nephew of the first chief of the constitutionalists, to the lonely grave of the former Mexican czar.

The message said the body was positively identified on being taken up and that an examination showed that death had resulted from gangrene, as a result of a gunshot wound in the left knee. The body was being brought to San Antonio to be taken to Chihuahua City and then to Juarez, the message said.

Andre Garcia, Carranza consul in El Paso, as soon as he received the first report of the capture of Villa sent a telegram to Governor Gutierrez, asking him to have the body of Villa sent to Juarez that Americans might view it and satisfy themselves of the death of the bandit.

The story of the location of the body tallies with that of a week ago regarding the death of Villa. It was stated at that time that he died somewhere in the vicinity of San Antonio or Satevo and had been buried on a ranch. One of the Mexican informants of General Pershing's men at the time said he could point out the grave, but it is not known if he was given a chance to do so or not.

The Americans did not credit the report of the death and continued their chase after the men who had been known to be with Villa, in the hope that Villa was with them, or at least if he was he would be captured.

The Carranzistas placed more credit in the report and immediately took steps to locate the body if possible. By accident General Cavazos made a prisoner of a former colonel on the staff of Villa. The prisoner admitted that he had been with his chief in his last days, and said he was present at the burial. For the price of his life he offered to convey the Carranzistas to the grave where they could exhume the body and satisfy themselves. General Gavazos detailed Colonel Carranza for the command and ordered him to shoot the former Villista if he attempted to get away or his story proved false. They were sent out from Cusi, the former asserting that Villa's body could be found on the Francisco Borja's ranch, thirty miles south.

Later messengers brought in the news, according to the despatches from San Antonio and Madera, that the body had been taken out of its grave and had been positively identified. Villa had been buried, it was stated, as he had caused so many others to be interred, with his fighting clothes on and without any sort of a covering except his everyday apparel. The message from San Antonio said Villa's trousers on his right leg had been split because of the terrible swelling resulting from the gangrene in the gunshot wound received at Guerrero.

That the bandit chief suffered great agony before his death is reported from many sources. This was confirmed when a party of seven Mexicans reached Juarez and said that they had escaped from Villa at Satevo, at which time he was believed to be dying, but was riding night and day cursing the

Americans in one breath and crying out in pain in another.

Villa's Death Not Confirmed.

The war department officials said no confirmation has been received of the report spread by Carranza officials in northern Mexico that the body of Francisco Villa has been discovered. Neither is there any report that the officials regard as authoritative that Villa is dead.

The only message tending to support the rumor was a despatch to Secretary of War Baker, from Naco, Ariz., saying that the bandit last was seen heading in the direction of the place where the Carranza reports say he was buried. This despatch came from an American army officer, who did not give his authority. The despatch immediately was sent to President Wilson.

A LULL AT VERDUN

Infantry Held Back While Artillery Duel Continues.

After temporarily assuming the aggressive in the Verdun battle, now in its ninth week, by launching attacks in the Douaumont-Vaux region, which are declared to have gained them some ground, the French held their infantry in check. Neither was there any move by the German infantry, according to a Paris bulletin.

Apparently a new move of some importance is preparing west of the Meuse. Heavy bombardment of the French positions in the Ayocourt region and along the line for some distance northeast, including the Dead Man's Hill sector, has been mentioned in several recent official statements by the French war office, and similar artillery activity is again recorded.

Allied airmen have been busy the last two nights, not only having bombarded German positions on the battle front, but attacking an enemy ship in the North Sea.

In the eight weeks of the battle of Verdun, the French war office has declared the Germans have lost 200,000 in killed, wounded and captured. The Germans state semi-officially that the French casualties number 150,000 killed and wounded and that 35,000 wounded French prisoners have been taken. If these estimates are approximately correct, nearly 400,000 men have been eliminated as fighting units.

For several days reports have been rife of German restlessness on the British front, and there is considerable talk of the possibility of another drive toward Dunkirk and Calais. British army officials express complete confidence in the outcome of any such attempt and declare they would welcome it.

TWELVE DEAD; 30 HURT

Express Train Crashes Into Local and Boiler Bursts.

The "Gilt Edge Express," from Boston to New York, ran into the rear end of train No. 623, a local running from Boston to New London, at Bedford, R. I., station.

The local had stopped at the Bradford station and the New York fier crashed into it.

Twelve persons were killed, and more than thirty hurt.

The boiler of the locomotive exploded, setting six cars on fire and wrecking the station.

All available physicians in New London were taken to Bedford, to care for the injured of the wreck.

INDICT VON PAPAN IN PLOT

Recalled German Attache Presented by Grand Jury in Welland Canal Case.

Captain Franz von Papan, the recalled military attache to the German embassy at Washington, indicted by the federal grand jury in New York in connection with the alleged plot to blow up the Welland canal in September, 1914.

Von Papan was one of five persons indicted in the case, including Captain Hans Tauscher, who is already under arrest, charged with being concerned in the plot.

Farmer Shoots Himself.

With a hole through his heart, John Lorschelmer, a farmer of Effort, near Lordsburg, Pa., was found dead on the porch of his home by his wife. An empty shot gun was nearby. Dorschelmer went into the house to get his gun to shoot a hawk that had been hovering over the place. It is believed the shooting was an accident.

Forest Fires Raging.

Disastrous forest fires which broke out on the Welsh mountains, near Lancaster, Pa., are still raging. Such fires at this time of year are unusual, and it is not known how they started. A wide area of valuable timber has been destroyed and buildings are menaced.

Steel Record Broken.

A new world's record in the production of merchant bar steel was established at the Duquesne Steel Works, at Pittsburgh, P., in March. A No. 6 ten-inch mill produced 30,900 tons during the month.



IN GETHSEMANE

Sacred Spot Has Undergone
Many Changes Since the
Time of Our Savior.

AT LAST the monks who guard the Gardens of Gethsemane have capitulated. After fifty years of refusal they have granted permission to photograph this hallowed spot.

It lies without the walls of Jerusalem. The way to it leads through the eastern gate, over the little stone bridge which spans the dried-up water course of the brook of Cedron, and up to the foot of the Mount of Olives. Here many a time Christ retreated with his disciples. Here he was found on that night after the Last Supper, when the soldiers, guided by the kiss of Judas, made him their prisoner. And here come the thousands of pilgrims today, on their tour of the Holy Land.

The Gethsemane they see is not that of the time of the Savior. The majestic olive trees of a thousand years ago still rear their lofty heads in silent guardianship of the solemn spot. But a white wall incloses the garden square; tiny monuments of stone edge the path, each indicating a station on the way to the cross; graveled walks run between dainty parterres, where wondrous flowers revel in colorful oriental profusion.

There they are in their little round stone-trimmed plots—the hyacinths and the lilies and the tulips and the jasmine flowers that grow so sweet and so sturdy in the warm sunshine that bathes the long slopes of the sacred mount. Their beauty and their fragrance make it almost a perpetual Easter there. The garden is now in the keeping of Franciscan monks, and it is they who have so transformed it.

To many the change seems incongruous. Pierre Loti, the French novel-



ist, criticizes it severely in his book on Jerusalem. He objects to its dainty modernity. The memories which make sacred the garden are sorrowful and scarcely to be symbolized by color and light.

But on the many who visit the place the setting makes no impression. To them, Gethsemane is the Garden of the Agony, whither the Savior retired to pray for strength in the last dread crisis before the end.

It is one of the few spots where Jesus trod which man still knows after nearly nineteen hundred long years.

Birds twitter and sing all the long warm day, and the gay flowers bloom in all the colors of the rainbow, but there is a solemn, sanctified stillness everywhere which takes the reverent visitor back through the ages—always!

First Bless the Supper.

At the close of the midnight mass in Russia the people partake of a bountiful supper to celebrate the close of their weary days of fasting, but—the supper is taken to church! Each family brings all that will appear later on the festive board, to be blessed, and the heads of the family carry it in baskets which are deposited in the place of worship during service. Naturally such primitive arrangements do not hold good in the Chapel Royal, but tables are set out there and display the collation, which, after receiving the blessing, is removed to the palace and is consumed by the imperial family and all the royal household.

ON DE COCO



The Big One—Dare! Youse been hollerin' all day for a Easter egg an' here it is.

EASTER JOY

By Kathleen Wheeler Ross

WE might have known in the winter
That spring would come again;
We might have known that the future
Would bring an end to pain.

But, oh, to be sure that the suffering
Is over, and all made clear,
And to feel 'neath the blazing sunshine
That spring is really here!

We might have known through the
snowtime
That flowers were underneath;
We might have sensed the Eternal
Knows no such thing as death.

But, oh, the joy of an Easter
After long winter drear,
And to feel by the soul's awakening
That spring is really here!

We might have known mid the darkness
That sorrow with joy is blent,
And that gladness would end in the
morning

The night of our discontent.
But, oh, to forget the shadows;
To mock at unfaith and fear!
And to laugh like jubilant children,
Now spring is really here!

EASTER OF 1776

Feminine Finery Hard to Procure
in That Year of Revolutionary War.

THERE was a famine of finery in immediate prospect for the women of the American colonies at Easter-tide in the year 1776. They were destined thereafter, through a long and very dark period, to undergo many severe deprivations in this respect—not the least of them being lack of pins. Think, O ye fair ones, of trying to get along without pins! But it had to be done, for the colonies were dependent upon Europe for their supply of pins, as well as for many other things, and this was cut off by the war. Even the most fashionable ladies of Boston and other centers of population were compelled to have resort to thorns for the fastening of their garments, and history tells us that the spines of certain cacti actually were utilized to a considerable extent.

Ours is supposed to be the age of luxury par excellence, in dress as in other matters, and yet the women of today are not more beautifully attired than were those of the well-to-do class in the colonies during the period just before the Revolution. They wore silks, satins and laces as exquisite as any that can be found in our modern shops—fetched, of course, by trading vessels from France—together with all sorts of other costly feminine gear, including ribbons, trimmings, stockings, gloves, shoes and dainty materials for the making of undergarments.

There were, however, a great many women in the various colonies who, long before the coming of the war, had made up their minds to do without pretty things, so far as was practicable. We read of pretty Patty Parsons, during the British occupancy of Philadelphia, who cut up the embroidered sky-blue satin waistcoat which her grandfather had worn at the English court, and made out of it a "jockey"—deemed by admirers most becoming. And of another girl, a friend of Patty's, who converted a trooper's scarlet coat into a jacket, using the leftover pieces to make a pair of warm gloves, which she bound with gray squirrel fur. The collar and cuffs of the jacket were likewise of squirrel fur, which excellently matched a gray homespun skirt.

In those times it was no very serious undertaking for a young woman to make a pair of gloves for herself. Indeed, though fine and expensive gloves were imported from France, ordinary ones for every-day wear were commonly manufactured at home.

Mrs. Alice M. Earle (to whose books of high historic value the writer acknowledges indebtedness) says that of all deprivations suffered by women during the Revolution none was so severe as that of gauze. At that period the fashions demanded this material for an astonishing variety of purposes. There were gauze caps, gauze bonnets, gauze aprons, gauze ribbons, gauze kerchiefs, flounced gauze petticoats, and even gowns of gauze. But most of all was gauze needed for the high head-dresses of that epoch, which could hardly be put together and held in place without it.

So late as the year 1782, in a London fashion journal, a tontorial "artist" is found advertising "a new method of succeeding the hair in the most fashionable taste, to last with very little repair during the whole session of parliament. Price only five guineas. N. B.—He takes but one hour to build the head and two for baking it."

The Eastertide costume of a lady in 1776, when she walked on the street, was likely to include a mask of white or colored silk. If she rode on horseback she would wear a "riding mask"; and the very latest fashion at that period was such a mask provided with a flat silver plate, to be held between the teeth for securing it in position. It should be understood, however, that these masks were worn not for a disguise, but to protect the complexion. The women of today still wear masks for the same purpose, but call them veils; and they are made of net or lace instead of silk.

THE EMPTY TOMB

Resurrection of Jesus Meant
the Unfolding of the Purest
Things of Life.

WHEN the angel pointed to the stone rolled away from the door of the sepulcher and invited inspection of the empty tomb, what a magnificent allegory for life was written to the scrolls of humanity! Life is lived in action, say they who lay emphasis upon the strenuous life. But what action? The action of the ideal, the action of the parable of human existence. Erase the parables of beauty and love and of love and service from the experiences of mortals, and religion vanishes and life loses its appeals to the higher aspirations and life's service becomes sordid and unworthy. The allegory of the empty tomb is the tremendous contribution of the resurrection to the life of humanity. It is inspiring to dwell upon a risen Lord. It is even more inspiring to dwell upon a risen life—the aggregate life of hoping and struggling and effortful humanity. Civilization sits at the tomb of the divinest of men and with its mystical loom it weaves into the resurrection of Jesus the theme of advance and unfolding of the purest things of human life.

The dark fates that had cut the thread of the mortal life of the one who served a brief ministry of word and deed among his fellows, at the same time released the mechanism of almightiness. The human passed that the divine might be revealed. The mortal was lost in the immortal. The world has attestation to the limitless reach of the divinest of its aspirations and endeavors. The risen Christ is adored because he is risen. Had he simply suffered he would have been pathetic. Ennobling as suffering is in triumph, it is useless in defeat. Jesus Christ did not simply suffer—he triumphed. This is the need of the ages and of all time and of all life. It is needful for men that they shall triumph over the deadening facts of materiality. It is necessary that they shall triumph over the



cabining and cramping confines of mortal existence. It is necessary that they shall have the horizon of their soul's meaning made coterminous with the expanse of love and of hope and of faith. It is necessary that there shall be fulfillment to life and not an ending of it. It is important above all things that the drama of existence shall not close in a tragedy. The world would have flung the divine claims of Jesus Christ to the winds of sophistry and contempt had he not arisen from the tomb and confirmed the faith of his fellows in the power of the life that he lived in the flesh to abide after the flesh had been impaled by the darts of death.

Let those who would contrive or contest the resurrection take a petal from the lilies of pure ideals that blossomed by the tomb of the Savior. Let those who will enter into discussion as to the scientific aspect of the great Easter occasion—the world is redolent with its glory. Mankind rejoices in its liberty. Humanity is exalted by the vistas of infinity that lay outside the tomb from whose door was rolled away the sealed stone. Life is the one great theme of mankind. Death is an anachronism. Fulfillment, rejoicing, power, strength and endurance, these are the qualities that belong to the risen life—the life spiritual. For only as the announcement was made of the risen Jesus Christ from the dead was there opened to man's range of the ages the spiritual realities this side of the grave and the immortal heritage on the other side.

EASTER OFFERING

Gone are the winter's ice and snow,
The south wind bids the bluebird sing;
Sap in the willow is aflow,
The world stands at the gate of spring.

Soul, art thou winter bound by grief?
Enter the garden of the spring!
Earth's resurrection brings relief—
Joy be thine Easter offering.

Welcome Easter.

Man likes to rule, not merely to wait upon nature. So it is that he has learned through the ages to look for, and love the tiny things that mark the coming of the soil's great Easter session, and give him a hint that spring is waiting for him to commit his hopes and promises to her, that she may carry them on strong and hearty to her more vigorous successor, the sunny summertime.

Laura Jean Libbey's
TALKS ON
HEART TOPICS

BOY LIFE AND ITS PERILS.

Only a lad whom nobody owns.
Pale, ragged, heartick, forlorn,
Thrown on the world to live or to die,
Wishing he'd never been born.
No one to whisper a kindly word,
No one to whom he is dear,
No one to kiss him or clasp him close
In the hour temptation's near.
Every one gives him a scowl or a blow,
God pity and save his heart
From the his of the merciless mob,
Who knows not its aches and smart!
—Laura Jean Libbey.

When you see a little newsboy pitting out his wares in a shrill voice as



he dodges in front of you, earnestly soliciting a stray penny from your plentifully filled purse, do not thrust him aside with an angry word or give him a frown. You cannot judge from appearances how much a kindly smile may gladden his forlorn little heart or a sneer depress him.

You may well assume that he has not a comfortable home, or a beautifully spread dinner table, or he would not be out in the streets in all kinds of weather. A great majority of the little newsboys are orphans. Their fathers and mothers have laid down their burdens early and the little brood is thrown on the world to live or die as God sees fit.

Selling papers is the first thought that occurs to the child, and thus the struggle of life begins with him. He has luck enough to dispose of the great bundle of papers he carries; he has earned enough for a bed for the night in the "Newsies' Home," a roll and a cup of hot milk in the morning. Failing in this, he wanders into some hallway or seeks shelter in a dry-goods box, where the compassionate angel of sleep finds him, touching his eyelids till they close against the world's sorrows in dreamless, untroubled sleep.

Only heaven knows his longings as he sees other lads of his age walking beside strong fathers or holding the hands of loving mothers. His life is too much of a hustle to take time to think long over his misfortune or to be envious. Only when pain comes to him do the tears force themselves down his brave little face, and he longs for just one kiss from mother's lips, one touch of a caressing hand and a word of kindness.

In his strenuous life, he must stand up and battle with the strongest of his kind if he would not be trodden under foot. He learns to hurl back taunts and insults hurled at him, his childish lips slipping oaths that he knows not the meaning of, repeating the language of the bullies of the street.

He does not understand why the men and women hurrying by frown at him, give him a shove or a cruel word. He keeps back the tears so bravely that they think he does not care. Shivering alone in some narrow hallway, in which he thinks he has escaped the lad of the street looks up at the stars, vaguely wondering why he had no home, no mother or father, no one on earth to whom he is dear or who cares if he lives or starves.

He is grateful for even the momentary companionship of a stray dog who is friendly, and who seems to want to cling to him and share his fortunes. He is the prey of the older, tougher, well-seasoned street gamins. There is no temptation known to unprotected boy life that he does not face, aye, and make his way through—to fall or live through them. He knows nothing of the sweet, childish joys of the lads who have homes and are cared for. When he reaches manhood he has gone through the entire schooling of sorrow, but he never forgets the memory of a kind word and a smile when life was darkest and hardest. They have often been the turning point in such a lad's career, the one bright gleam in a dark, lonely childhood, lighting the lamp of hope in his heart that all people in this cold world were not heartless.

PRETTY GIRLS DOLLED UP.

Lightly our hands touched—nothing more.
Ah! but never so touched before!
Touch of lip, was it? Touch of hand?
Either is easy to understand.
Either may be smitten with fire or frost—
Never the touch of true love is lost.

Why is it that so many women who cannot help being fair of face excite envy from a certain class of their sisters who have not been so favored by capricious nature? When the lovely girl appears in public, looking as pretty as a picture, she is quite likely to be accused by those whose hearts are fired by the pangs of jealousy of being "dolled up." She wouldn't be near so stunning looking if she dressed as plain as other girls. She'd be a positive fright if she brushed her curls back. Her pink-

and-white complexion doesn't look to be nature's own.

So the group of mothers of plain daughters whisper to each other as the pretty maiden passes by. The sons and brothers of the gossipers catch these remarks in passing and the consequence is a fair girl's reputation is marred. Men fight shy of her, for if there is anything in this world the average man has a horror of it is the "made-up" young woman.

He admires the beauty, but concludes women are the best judge of their own sex in this respect, and weds the homely girl on general principles.

As a matter of fact, the beautiful girls are queen roses in the rosebud garden of fair maidens. They do not have to spend half the time over their toilets the homely girl does. Even the most inexpensive clothes they can wear with a regal grace. As to their complexions not being their own, it is a most gratifying fact to be able to state that not one woman out of fifty has recourse to the powder, puff and rouge box for her radiant pink-and-white beauty.

If the need is felt of routing a stubborn freckle or two, or bringing color to a cheek too pale, a dash of butter-milk on the brown speck, and a dash of cold water on the face does the trick.

The lovely girl is a product from the Maker's own hand, and honest admiration should be accorded her for her legitimate endeavors to preserve, if she can, the fair picture which is so pleasing to gaze upon.

Men should not conceive the erroneous notion that beautiful women are naturally vain. Vanity with them is the exception instead of the rule. The pretty girl has her own heartaches as well as her plainer sisters. She has a dread of the would-be lovers who are attracted to her because of her good looks. She knows her charms will not last for aye, and the man who would wed because of the brightness of her eyes and the roses in her cheeks might be dissatisfied with her when those had faded. She would be wooed for her womanly goodness, tenderness, yet strength of heart, and the combined qualities which would make of her a noble wife and gentle, loving mother. Give the sweet girl of whom the only fault you can find is that she has too pretty a face a chance to prove her worth.

WOMAN TOO CONFIDING.

Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour,
To think of things that are well out-
worn?
Of fruitless hush and fugitive flower,
The dream foregone and the deed for-
borne?

It is a great blessing to behold women who have sweet, confiding natures, but there is such a thing as being too confiding. No blow is more cruel or more keenly felt than to discover one's faith has been misplaced, one's trust rudely shaken. The maiden who is too confiding—confessing unasked to a man that he has awakened an interest, if not a tender sentiment, in her heart—realizes her mistake when she sees that her admission has lost him. The wife who is too confiding—telling her husband all of the secrets of her family—is sure to rue it bitterly if trouble comes between them, and he gives broadcast to the world the information he was not entitled to know about.

Of all women accredited with judgment—the widow is supposed to have had experience. Yet she of supposed sense—solid as the rock of Gibraltar—is susceptible and may easily become the victim of overconfidence if she does not use the utmost caution. She has been accustomed to defer to the opinion of her husband, even on most trivial matters. She has never thought her own problems out or been guided by her own judgment.

Left alone, she is helpless. There are always acquaintances who stand ready to advise her regarding her finances, if she has been left well provided for, and apparently, confidence sharks are wont to find the lovely, unprotected widow easy prey.

His scheme is as ingenious as it is heartless. His wife is the first to condole with the bereft woman. She is brought to their home to take her away from her dreary surroundings. Here she is consoled, catered to, cajoled into the belief that there never were such kind friends, so devoted to her interest and the desire to make her forget her woe.

The wife suggests that her husband will be only too pleased to look after any little business matters the widow may be perplexed over. Her confidence once gained, the way to her bank account is a straight road easily traversed. The husband of her dear woman friend persuades her to draw her funds from the investments the departed one has placed them in, and put where his judgment directed.

When her house of faith, which has been built on the sands, falls with a sudden jolt, she wakes up to find her beautiful illusions regarding friendship cruelly shattered.

Each and every investment that friends have made prove to be a fiasco. With her mismanaged wealth flown, she wakes to find herself a sadder, but wiser woman. When strangers show too much regard for an unprotected woman of means, she should be chary indeed of letting them into her confidence too deeply. She should also be wary of the man who is willing to take all the trouble of managing her affairs—for friendship's sake only. He may have an ax to grind. Women who are too confiding learn soon or late to beware! take care! They should never delegate to strangers a task which they can do for themselves.

St. Joseph's Lily.

St. Joseph's lily, or the lily of the annunciation, is said to have been brought to Europe from North Syria, where it is said to have bloomed upon Lebanon, and Mount Hermon. It soon established itself in British gardens, and playing truant occasionally ran wild, rioting in luxuriant bloom in meadows in the south of England.

SYNOPSIS.

After stealing the Omber jewels and the Haysman war plans in London, Michael Lanyard returns to Troyon's. He has not for the first time in many years because he thinks today, a Scotland Yard man, is on his trail. At dinner a conversation between Comte de Morbihan, M. Bannion and Miss Bannion about the Lone Wolf, a celebrated crackman who works alone, alarms him. Lanyard dresses and goes out, leaving Roddy snoring in the next room. Then comes back stealthily, to find in his room Miss Bannion. In the apartment near the Trocadero he finds an invitation from The Pack to the Lone Wolf to join them. Lanyard attempts to dispose of the Omber jewels, but finds that The Pack has forbidden the buyers to deal with him. He meets three masked members of The Pack, Popnot, Apache and Wertheimer, English mobman, but the third, an American, is unknown to him. He refuses alliance with them. On his return to his room he is attacked in the dark, but knocks out his assailant. He gives the unconscious man, who proves to be the mysterious American, a hypodermic to keep him to Troyon's. He finds Roddy has been murdered in his bed with the evident intention of fastening the crime on him, and changing the appearance of the unconscious American to resemble his own, starts to leave the house. In the corridor he encounters Lucia Bannion, who insists on leaving with him. Having no money Lucia is obliged to take refuge with Lanyard in the studio of an absent artist friend of his. He locks her in a room alone and retreats to get some rest himself. After sleep Lanyard finds this viewpoint changed. He tells Lucia who he is.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

She caught her breath sharply—whether with dismay or mere surprise at his frankness he couldn't tell.

"Are you?" she demanded quickly.

"A crook—and all that?" Miss Bannion, you know it!"

"The Lone Wolf?"

"You've known it all along. De Morbihan told you—or else your father. Or it may be you were shrewd enough to guess it from De Morbihan's gasconading at the table. At all events, it's plain enough to me that nothing but desire to secure proof of my identity with the Lone Wolf took you to my room last night—whether for your personal satisfaction or at the instigation of Bannion—and that nothing less than your own disgust with what was going on actuated you to run away from such intolerable associations. Though, at that, I don't believe you even guessed how unspeakably vicious they were!"

He paused and waited, anticipating furious denial or attempt at refutation; such could, indeed, have been the logical development of the temper in which she had descended to confront him.

Rather than this, she seemed calmed and sobered by his charge; far from resenting it, she appeared disposed to concede its fairness; anger deserted her expression, leaving it intent and grave. She came quietly into the room and faced him squarely across the table.

"You thought that ill of me—that I was capable of spying on you—yet were generous enough to believe I deserved myself for doing it?"

"Not at first. At first, after we had met back there in the corridor, I was convinced you were bent on further spying. Not till within this hour, since waking up did I begin to understand how impossible it would be for you to lend yourself to such villainy as was at work last night."

"But if you thought that of me then, why did you—"

"I can't tell you," he said slowly—"I don't know why. I can only presume it must be because I can't help believing in you."

Her glance wavered, her color deepened. "I don't understand—" she murmured.

"Nor I," he confessed in a tone as low.

A sudden grumble from the teakettle on the table between them provided welcome distraction. Lanyard lifted it off and slowly poured the boiling water on a measure of tea in an earthenware pot.

"A cup of this and something to eat'll do us no harm," he ventured, smiling uneasily—"especially if we're to pursue our psychological inquiry into the whereabouts of the human tendency to change one's mind!"

CHAPTER XV.

Confessional.

When the girl made no response, but remained with troubled gaze focused on some remote abstraction. "You will have tea, won't you?" Lanyard urged.

She recalled her thoughts, nodded with the faintest of smiles—"Yes, thank you"—and dropped into a chair.

He began at once to make talk in an effort to dissipate the constraint that stood between them like an unseen alien presence: "You must be very hungry."

"I am," she assented.

"Sorry I've nothing better to offer you. I'd have run out for something more substantial, only—"

"I've been awake several hours," she interposed—"found myself locked in, and heard no sound to indicate that you were still here."

"I'm sorry; I was overtired and slept like a log. But assuming the case: you would have gone out alone, penniless—"

She nodded. "True. But what of that?"

"In desperation you might have been forced to return—"

"And report the outcome of my investigation!"

"Pressure might have been brought to bear upon you to induce admissions damaging to me," Lanyard submitted pleasantly. "Whether or no, you'd have been obliged to renew associations you're well rid of."

"You feel sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"How can you be?" she challenged. "You've yet to know me twenty-four hours."

"But perhaps I know the associations better. In point of fact, I do. Even though you may have stooped to

play the spy last night, Miss Bannion—you couldn't keep it up. You ran away to escape further contamination from that pack of jackals."

"Not—you feel sure—merely to keep you under observation?"

"I do feel sure of that. I have your word for it."

The girl deliberately finished her tea and sat back, regarding him steadily beneath level brows. Then she said with an odd laugh: "You have your own way of putting one on honor!"

"I don't need to—with you."

She analyzed this with gathering perplexity. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I don't need to put you on your honor—because I'm sure of you. But even if I were not, still I'd refrain from exacting any pledge, or attempting to." He paused and shrugged before continuing. "If I thought you were still to be distrusted, Miss Bannion, I'd say: 'There's a free door; go when you like, back to the Pack, turn in your report, and let them act as they see fit.' Do you think I care for them? Do you imagine for one instant that I fear any one—or all—of that gang?"

If he might read her countenance, it expressed more than anything else distrust and disappointment.

"Why do you boast like this—to me?"

"Less through self-satisfaction than through contempt for a pack of murderous mongrels—impatience that I have to consider such creatures as Popnot, Wertheimer, De Morbihan, and—all that crew!"

"And Bannion," she corrected calmly—"you meant to say!"

"Well—" he stammered, disconcerted.

"It doesn't matter," she assured him. "I quite understand, and strange as it may sound, I've very little feeling in the matter." And then she acknowledged his stupefied stare with a weary little smile. "I know what I know," she affirmed with obscure significance. "I'd give a good deal to know how much you know," he muttered in his confusion.

"But what do you know?" she caught him up—"against Mr. Bannion—against my father, that is—that makes you so ready to suspect both him and me?"

"Nothing," he confessed—"I know nothing; but I suspect everything and everybody. And the more I think of it, the more closely I examine that brutal business of last night, the more I seem to sense his will behind it all—as one might glimpse a face in darkness through a lighted lattice."

His pause and questioning look evoked no answer; the girl sat motionless and intent, meeting his gaze with a countenance inscrutable. And something in her impassive attitude worked a little exasperation into his temper.

"Why," he declared hotly—"if I dare trust to intuition—forgive me if I pain you—"

She interrupted with impatience: "I've already begged you not to consider my feelings, Mr. Lanyard! If you dared trust to your intuition—then what?"

"Why, then I could believe that Mr. Bannion, your father—I could believe it was his order that killed poor Roddy!"

There could be no doubting her horrified and half-incredulous surprise.

"Roddy?" she iterated in a whisper almost inaudible, with face fast blanching. "Roddy—"

"Inspector Roddy of Scotland Yard," he told her mercilessly, "was murdered in his sleep last night at Troyon's. The murderer broke into his room by way of mine—the two adjoint. He used my razor, wore my dressing-gown to protect his clothing, did everything he could think of to cast suspicion on me, and when I came in assaulted me, meaning to drug and leave me insensible, to be found by the police. Fortunately—I was beforehand with him. I left him in my place—drugged, insensible—when I stole away and met you there in the corridor. You didn't know?"

"How can you ask?" the girl moaned.

Bending forward, an elbow on the table, she gripped her hands together until their knuckles shone white through the skin—but not as white as the white face from which her eyes sought his with a look of dumb horror, dazed, pitiful, imploring.

"You're not deceiving me? But now—why should you?" she faltered. "But how terrible, how unspeakably awful!"

"I'm sorry," Lanyard murmured. "I'd have held my tongue if I hadn't thought you knew—"

"You thought I knew—and didn't lift a finger to save the man?" She jumped up, with a blazing face. "Oh, how could you?"

"No—not that—I never thought that. But, meeting you then and there, so opportunely—I couldn't ignore the coincidence; and when you admitted you were running away from your father, considering all the circumstances, I was surely justified in thinking it was realization, in part, at least, of what had happened that was driving you away."

She shook her head slowly, her indignation ebbing as fast as it had risen. "I understand," she said; "you had

some excuse, but you were not right. I ran away—yes—but not because of that. I never dreamed—"

She fell silent, sitting with bowed head and twisting her hands together in a way he found it painful to watch.

"But please," he implored, "don't take it so much to heart, Miss Bannion. If you knew nothing, you couldn't have prevented it."

"No," she said brokenly, "I could have done nothing if I had known. But I didn't. It isn't that—it's the horror and pity of it. And that you could think—"

"But I didn't!" he protested—"truly I did not. And for what I did think, for the injustice I did do you, believe me, I'm truly sorry."

"You were quite satisfied," she said, "not only by the testimony of appearances, but to a degree, in fact. You must know—now I must tell you—"

"Nothing you don't wish to!" he interrupted quickly. "The fact that I practically kidnapped you under pretense of doing you a service, and suspected you of being a spy of that Pack, gives me no title to your confidence."

"Can I blame you for thinking what you did?" She went on slowly, without looking up—gaze steadfast to her interlaced fingers: "Now, for my own sake, I want you to know what otherwise, perhaps, I shouldn't have told you—not yet, at all events. I'm no more Bannion's daughter than you're his son. Our names sound alike—people frequently make the same mistake. My name is Shannon—Lucy Shannon. Mr. Bannion called me Lucia because he knew I didn't like it and wanted to tease me; for the same reason he always kept up the pretense that I was his daughter when people misunderstood."

"But—if that is so—then what—"

"Why—it's very simple." Still she didn't look up. "I'm a trained nurse. Mr. Bannion is consumptive—so far gone, it's a wonder he didn't die years ago—for months I've been haunted by the thought that it's only the evil in him keeps him alive. It wasn't long after I took the assignment to nurse

him that I found out something about him. He'd had a hemorrhage at his desk, and while he lay in coma, and I waited for the doctor, I happened to notice and in part read one of the papers he'd been working over when he fell. And then, just as I began to appreciate the sort of man I was employed by, he came to, and saw—and knew."

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescence of suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood aghast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannion's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!



"Don't Pity Me!" She insisted.

him that I found out something about him. He'd had a hemorrhage at his desk, and while he lay in coma, and I waited for the doctor, I happened to notice and in part read one of the papers he'd been working over when he fell. And then, just as I began to appreciate the sort of man I was employed by, he came to, and saw—and knew."

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescence of suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood aghast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannion's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescence of suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood aghast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannion's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescence of suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood aghast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannion's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescence of suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood aghast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannion's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescence of suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood aghast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannion's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescence of suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood aghast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannion's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

CHAPTER XVI.

Decision.

"Poor child!" he heard himself murmuring—"poor child!"

"Don't pity me!" she insisted, still with face averted. "I don't deserve it. If I had the spirit of a mouse I'd have deduced him; it needed only courage enough to whisper one word to the police—"

"But who is he, then?" Lanyard demanded. "What is he, I mean?"

"I hardly know how to tell you. And I hardly dare. I feel as if these walls would betray me if I whispered even but to me he's the incarnation of all things evil."

She shook herself with a nervous laugh.

"But why be silly about it? I don't really know what or who he is. I only suspect and believe that he is a man whose life is devoted to planning evil and ordering its execution through his lieutenants. When the papers at home speak of 'The Man Higher Up' they mean Archer Bannion, though they don't know it—or else I'm merely a hysterical woman exaggerating the impressions of a morbid imagination. And that's all I know of him that matters."

"But why, if you believe this—how did you at length find courage—"

"Because I had no more courage to endure; because I was more afraid to stay with him than to go—afraid lest my own soul be the forfeit. And then, last night, he ordered me to go to your room and search it for evidence that you were the Lone Wolf. It was the first time he'd ever asked anything of the sort of me. I was afraid, and obeyed; but I was glad when you interrupted me—glad even though I had to lie to you the way I did. And all that worked on me, after I'd gone back to my room, until I felt I could stand it no longer, and after a long time, when the house seemed all still, I got up dressed quietly, and— That is how I came to meet you—quite by accident."

"But you seemed so frightened at first when you saw me—"

"I was," she confessed simply; "I thought you were Mr. Greggs."

"Greggs?"

"Mr. Bannion's private secretary—his right-hand man. He's about your height and has a suit like the one you wear, and in that poor light and at the distance I didn't notice you were clean-shaven—Greggs wears a mustache."

"Then it was Greggs murdered Roddy and tried to drug me? I shaved off his mustache when I left him there to wait for the police. By George, I'd like to know whether they got there before Bannion or somebody else discovered the substitution. It was a telegram to the prefecture, you know, I sent from the Bourse last night!"

In his excitement Lanyard began to pace the floor, and now that he was no longer staring at her, the girl lifted her head and watched him closely as he moved to and fro, talking aloud—more to himself than to her.

"I wish I knew! And what a lucky thing you did meet me; for if you'd gone on to the Gare du Nord and waited there—well, it isn't likely Bannion didn't discover your flight before eight o'clock this morning, is it?"

"Mr. Lanyard"—the girl bent toward him across the table with a gesture of eager interest—"have you any idea why he—why Mr. Bannion hates you so?"

"As far as I know, I never heard of him before," Lanyard said carelessly. "I fancy it was nothing more than the excitement of a man-hunt. Now that they've crowed me out, De Morbihan and his crew won't rest until they've got my scalp."

"But why is that?"

"Professional jealousy. We're all crooks, all in the same boat, only I won't row to their stroke. I've always played a lone hand successfully; now they insist on coming into the game and sharing my winnings. And I've told them where they could go."

"And because of that, they'd—"

"There's nothing they wouldn't do. Miss Shannon, to bring me to my knees or see me put well out of the way, where my operations can't hurt their pocketbooks. Well—all I ask is a fighting chance, and they shall have their way!"

Her brows contracted. "I don't understand. You want a fighting chance—to surrender—to give in to their demands?"

"In a way—yes. I want a fighting chance to do what I'd never in the world get them to believe I mean to do—chuck it all up and leave them a free field."

And then, when still she searched his face with puzzled eyes, he insisted: "I mean it; I want to get away—clear out—chuck the game for good and all!"

A little silence greeted this announcement. Lanyard, at pause near the table, resting a hand on it, bent to the girl's upturned face a grave but candid regard. And the depths of her eyes that never swerved from his were troubled strangely in his vision.

He could by no means account for the light he seemed to see therein—a light that kindled while he watched, like a tiny flame, feeble, fearful, vacillating; then, as the moments passed,

steadied and grew stronger, but he leaped and danced, so that he, lost in wonder of it and forgetful of himself, thought of it as the ardent face of a happy child dancing in the depths of some brown autumnal woodland.

"You," she breathed incredulously—"you mean you're going to stop—"

"I have stopped, Miss Shannon. The Lone Wolf has prowled for the last time. I didn't know it till just now—when I woke up an hour or so ago—but I've turned my last job."

"But why?" she demanded in bewilderment. "But why do you say that? What can have happened to make you—"

"If it won't bore you, I'll try to explain." He drew up his chair and sat down again, facing her across the littered table. "I don't suppose you've ever stopped to consider what an essentially stupid animal a crook must be. Most of them are stupid because they practice clumsily one of the most difficult professions imaginable and an inevitably fail at it, yet persist."

"There's another class men whose imaginations forewarn them of dangers and whose mental training, technical equipment, and sheer manual dexterity enable them to attack a formidable proposition like a modern safe—by way of illustration, and force its secret. They're the successful criminals, like myself, but they're no less stupid, no less failures than the other ninety-nine in our every hundred, because they never stop to think it never occurs to them that the same intelligence, applied to any one of the trades they must be masters of, would not only pay them better, but leave them their self-respect and rid them forever of the haunting dread of arrest that dogs us all like the memory of some shameful act. All of which is much more of a lecture than I meant to inflict upon you, Miss Shannon, and sums up to just this: I've stopped to think."

With this he stopped for breath as well and momentarily was silent, his faint, twisted smile testifying to self-consciousness; but presently, seeing that she didn't offer to interrupt, but continued to give him her attention so exclusively that it had the effect of fascination, he stumbled on, at first less confidently.

"When I woke up just now it was as if, without my will, I had been thinking all this out in my sleep. I saw myself for the first time clearly, as I have been ever since I can remember—a crook, thoughtless, vain, rapacious, ruthless, skulking in shadows and thinking myself an amazingly fine fellow because, between coups, I would play the gentleman a bit, venture into the light, and swagger in the haunts of the respectable. In my poor, perverted brain I believed there was something fine and thrilling and romantic in the career of a great criminal and myself a wonderful figure—an enemy of society—potentially as deadly as a rattlesnake, always ready to kill—if I never did!"

"Why do you say this to me?" she demanded abruptly out of a phase of profound thoughtfulness.

He lifted an apologetic shoulder and laughed with a sheepish air.

"Because I presume, I'm no longer self-sufficient. I was all of that twenty-four hours ago, but now I'm as 'one some as a lost child in a dark forest. I haven't a friend in the world, I'm like a stray pup, groveling for sympathy. And you—are you unfortunate enough to be the only person I can declare myself to? It's going to be a fight—I know that too well—and without something outside myself to struggle toward I'll be heavily handicapped. But if—he faltered, with a look of wistful earnestness—"if I thought that you, perhaps, were a little interested, that I had won your faith and had that to respect and cherish—if I dared hope that you'd be glad to know I had won out against odds—it would mean a great deal to me; it might mean my salvation!"

Watching her narrowly, hanging upon her decision with the anxiety of a man proscribed and hoping against hope for pardon, he saw her eyes cloud and shift from his, her lips parted but hesitant, and before she could speak he hastily interposed:

"Please don't say anything yet. First let me demonstrate my sincerity. So far I've done nothing to persuade you but—talk and talk and talk! But give me half a chance to prove I mean what I say."

"How"—she enunciated only with visible effort and no longer met his appeal with an open countenance—"how can you do that?"

"In the long run, by establishing myself in some honest way of life, however modest; but now, and principally, by making reparation for at least one crime I've committed that's not irreparable."

He caught her quick glance of inquiry and met it with a confident nod as he placed before them the morocco-bound jewel case.

"In London, last May," he said quietly, "I brought off two big coups. One was deliberate, the other the inspiration of a moment. The one I'd planned for months—the theft of the Omber jewels—"

steadied and grew stronger, but he leaped and danced, so that he, lost in wonder of it and forgetful of himself, thought of it as the ardent face of a happy child dancing in the depths of some brown autumnal woodland.

"You," she breathed incredulously—"you mean you're going to stop—"

"I have stopped, Miss Shannon. The Lone Wolf has prowled for the last time. I didn't know it till just now—when I woke up an hour or so ago—but I've turned my last job."

"But why?" she demanded in bew

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY H. J. SMITH.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription can be continued unless at the option of the publisher until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOE PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1916.

Adams County high schools are bringing their work for the year to a close and the majority of them have selected dates for commencement exercises. The Littlestown Seniors are to have an unusual treat before their graduation which is to be held between the second week and the latter part of May. Arrangements have been made for them to join a party of school girls and boys from Hanover in a jaunt of several days to Washington. The Biglerville commencement date is Friday, May 5th. Fairfield will have its commencement exercises on Thursday, May 4th. Arendtsville has its second high school commencement this year. Monday evening, April 24, has been selected as the date. Gettysburg high school commencement will be held on May 25th. East Berlin's graduation exercises will be among the last in the county.

Mrs. K. Smyser, of near York, was killed about 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon when an automobile in which she was riding, was struck by a P. R. R. engine. Mrs. Smyser was in a party of five and as the machine in which they were riding, reached the middle of the railroad crossing the engine stalled. The approaching train struck the car and Mrs. Smyser was killed almost instantly. The others in the machine succeeded in jumping from the car, to safety. The accident occurred at Brilhart's station, about 3 miles below York. Mrs. Smyser, who was 47 years old, being of stout physique, was unable to get out of her seat before the train crashed into the auto. The machine was smashed to splinters. Those in the car who jumped to safety were Mr. Smyser, two children and John Roth.

Harrisburg, Pa., April 12.—Representatives of Pennsylvania Boroughs closed their annual convention at the Capitol tonight after adopting a number of resolutions favoring changes in laws relative to smaller municipalities. The chief measures favored were payment of one-fourth of revenue from automobiles to boroughs where collected, a \$2 fee for councilmen for attending meetings and in the public service law to remove prohibition of municipal utility plants where corporations already exist. Harrisburg was selected for the 1917 convention. T. F. Chrowsaite, Hanover, was elected president of the association.

Carlisle, April 13.—A brutal fight at a place known as "Bum's Retreat" along the Philadelphia and Reading railway tracks last night, landed 5 men in jail, and 1 more is in the hospital badly battered up and with 1 foot crushed. It is believed that a number of tramps had a big melee last night and hurled Charles Bowman, one of the crowd in front of an approaching train. Bowman was found badly injured. Several months ago Charles Morris was found dead along the tracks near the place, and it is thought that he may have been killed by some of the tramps.

When at play and while imitating her mother in holding a safety pin her mouth on last Monday, Lucinda Miller, the 2½ year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Miller, of Lehman, York county, swallowed the pin and has not been located by the doctor in charge, although at times the little girl suffers slight pain. The pin was open when the child swallowed it. The mother saw the child take the pin in her mouth and attempted to take it away from her, but the tot took a long breath and gulped it down.

Two polling places in the county were transferred by the commissioners. The voting place in Liberty township was changed from Grayson's school house to a vacant store room of E. C. Fitz located along the Waynesboro pike. The polling place of Mt. Pleasant No. 3 was changed from Staub's store to Strasbaugh's hotel, Bonneauville.

The operation performed on Ruth Bair, the 4 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Bair, of Midway, by Dr. Meisenholder, of the West Side Sanitarium, York, assisted by Dr. A. C. Rice, for the removal of an abscess on the lung, was a success, and the child is again able to be about.

Following an operation at the York hospital, about 4 weeks ago for the removal of particles of a needle from her knee after which a complication of diseases set in, Mrs. Susan Smeltzer, wife of Eli Smeltzer, 67 years old, Red Lion, died Thursday.

With persons loitering about the front of the building and the owners of the property working nearby, a tramp togged in the accepted garb of his "profession," walked into the store of John M. Roddy, near Emmitsburg, and took about \$35 in bills from the cash drawer, and made good his escape.

Judgment for \$5,214.66 was entered in the York county court in favor of F. S. Baines vs. S. L. Johns, Emma C. Johns and H. N. Gitt in proceedings to revive a judgment

York, April 13.—Mayor E. S. Hugentugler, at the request of the York County Liquor Dealers' Association, will photograph every candidate whose name goes on the "jag list" inaugurated here several weeks ago. The photographs will accompany the list, which will be sent to every hotel in the city and county, with a warning not to sell to any individual named.

The Western Maryland Railroad Company is receiving new coal cars in the order of 2,000 which is being filled by the Pullman Company. New steel coal cars for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad and the Central Railroad of New Jersey are also being delivered to the Western Maryland. A solid train of about eighty new cars loaded with gas coal from the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad, went forward over the Western Maryland for Port Reading for export to France.

Columbia, April 15.—Elliott Murphy died here this morning as the result of falling on a transmission line carrying 70,000 volts of electricity. He was a lineman for a local trolley company, and while at work on Friday on a transmission tower 50 feet high, came in contact with the wire. He was hurled to the ground. First aid restored consciousness after a half hour. His clothing took fire and his left side was severely burned, and his left leg was broken by the fall. He was to have been married today.

Robert Harbaugh and Benjamin Sease, Bell telephone linemen, saw a herd of 41 deer in the mountain near the White Pine Sanatorium. The deer were grazing in a bunch and the linemen walked to within a short distance of them before the animals took fright.

The Rev. J. H. Hege, of Lemaster, Franklin county, was unanimously elected to the pastorate of the Salem Lutheran charge, at congregational meetings held at Strayer's and Red Run churches, York county, on Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Hege, who will complete his theological course this spring at Pennsylvania seminary, Gettysburg, will succeed the Rev. Dr. Fastnacht, after June 1.

William Haverstock, 63, of Lemoyne, was found dead on the porch of a vacant house near his home.

Mrs. George Cromleigh, 60, took her life by hanging, in a fit of despondency, in the garret of her home near Sheperds town.

York county's wheat crop will be short next summer, according to G. F. Barnes, of Rossville, chairman of the County Farmer's Institutes.

The planting of a final consignment of 25,000 saplings at the storage basin of the York Water Company, completed a novel reforestation plan.

The 3 "Johns" of the Carlisle police force, Chief John Searight, John Johns and John Boyd, weighed themselves and each weighed 233½ pounds.

A two mile tunnel will be driven from Beaver Meadow mines to the Jeaneville colliery to drain the latter of water by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company.

Mrs. William F. Beyer, 62 years old, wife of a leading member of the Lancaster Bar, died suddenly Sunday evening at Blairsville, where she took her son, John W., 10 days ago for his health.

Mrs. Joseph D. Rossi, who was married at 16 and died on Friday at her home in Sugarloaf Valley at 40, was the mother of 23 children, three pairs of them twins.

David Shook, 65 years old, who lived alone at Dewart, had not been seen for about a week. Two neighbors broke in to his home and found him dead in bed.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

\$4.00 ROUND TRIP To Pittsburgh APRIL 22, 1916.

Regular trains leave New Oxford 9.49 and 10.59 p. m. Leave Pittsburgh not later than 9.50 p. m. on Monday, April 24th.

WESTERN MARYLAND RAILWAY

His First Long Trousers An Important Moment!

THERE'S the whole family to please; the boy is thinking of what the "fellows" will say; the mother is reluctant to loose the "boy" in him, and the father is rather proud to see him a "real man."

It's an important time for every body—I realize the importance of starting the boy right in long trouser clothes, and so it is but natural that I should take great pains to please "first long-trouser" boys and the boys who have been wearing long trousers for some little time.

I'll expect to to be very busy this week fitting the boys in Easter Suits.

I'll be very glad to have your boy come around.

W. E. SHAFFER
"The Clothier"
ONE PRICE TO ALL.

Successor to Stewart & Shaffer,
HANOVER, PENN'A.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

...Dry Goods Department Store...

We Invite You to a Display of

SPRING FASHIONS

unequaled, we believe, outside of large centres. Be it in

Ladies' Suits, Dresses, Waist or Coat

and every kind of Lingerie.

Fabrics of Silk, Wool and Cotton

of Every Character—with appropriate Trimmings for same.

Dress accessories of the newest fancies or fads.

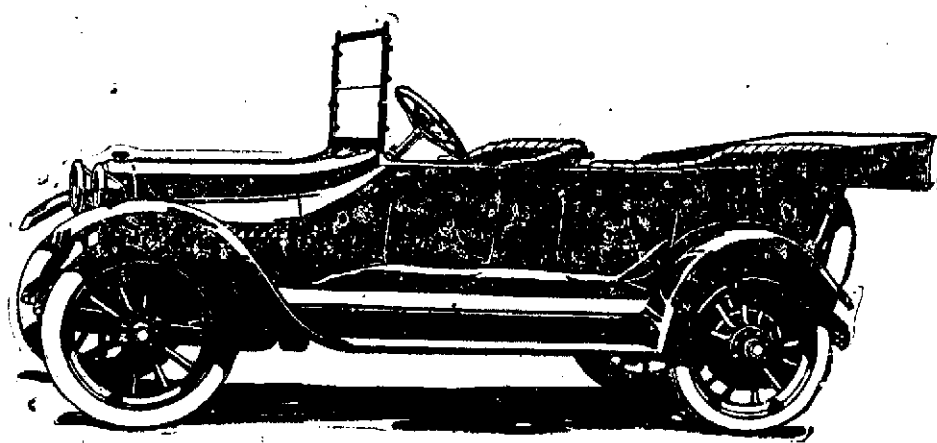
Everything in Dry Goods and Household Goods. OLD PRICES while present stock and contracts last.



G. W. WEAVER & SON
THE LEADERS

Gettysburg,

Penn'a.



Forty Horse Power 7-Passenger Four \$875.00

STUDEBAKER

Proved On The Roads of America

Last November a Hundred Studebakers went "4 times around the earth in 48 hours", the most convincing Stock car test that America has ever seen.

To the man who is going to buy a car, the significance of this Studebaker Reliability Run can not be overlooked for the simple reason that this was a test not of a car especially prepared on race course—but on a Stock car, the kind of a car YOU get on the very roads YOU use.

From towns scattered all over the country, a HUNDRED Studebakers were off on the task of making 1,000 miles each in 48 hours. Weather and roads everywhere were far below normal even for November. Yet over such road the 100 cars averaged 1,075 miles in 36 hours and 36 minutes. Over such roads they raced along at an average speed of 27½ miles. Over such roads they averaged nearly 12 miles to a gallon of gasoline. Over such roads with 4 to 7 passengers, they distanced many of the country's crack "Limiteds". Over such roads they ran along without one car experiencing the slightest mechanical troubles.

Over the roads of America, the very roads that Studebaker owners use, Studebaker has overwhelmingly proven its POWER, its flexibility, its stamina, and speed and economy. Over the roads of America, Studebaker has proved its unfailing reliability and its undeniable superiority of mechanical design.

More than 225,000 Studebaker cars produced and sold.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

THE CAR OF GOLDEN CHASSIS,
Sold By

BASEHOAR & MEHRING,

Both Phones.

LITTLESTOWN, PA.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1916.

Local Happenings.

Horses sold at from \$150 to \$160 at the Abram Roth sale in Abbotstown on Friday.

Charles Albert and W. J. Olinger, of Abbotstown, each purchased Chevrolet touring cars.

A petition of Jacob L. Butt, Gettysburg, for Democratic alternate delegate-at-large, was filed at Harrisburg.

James Gordon, of Midway, suffered a stroke of paralysis on Friday night which affected his entire right side.

The new clothing factory in the S. L. Johns building, at Middleburg, (Midway) started operations on Thursday.

On Saturday, the 29th day of April, Sheriff Hartman, will sell the property of W. E. Roth, located in Biglerville.

Thomas J. Brereton, Esq., of Chambersburg, will be the Democratic candidate for State Senator in that 23rd district.

Mrs. Chas. G. Miller, of Pleasant street, has purchased a vacant lot of ground on same street, from F. M. Miller, for \$200.

A lot of door and window frames and other lumber, etc., will be sold at the old Pfeiffer house, on Saturday afternoon. See ad.

E. C. Stough, contractor, of Qualityville, is repainting the interior of the tenement houses of N. M. Dicks, on North Peters street.

Mrs. Fabian Staub, of Bonneauville, who has been a sufferer from a severe attack of pleurisy for the past week, is improving.

The stork left a bouncing baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Melhorn, at the West End restaurant, on Thursday night.

Miss Mary Sneringer, of Bonneauville recently had the misfortune to have one of her fingers mashed by having it caught in a corn sheller.

Henry Rogers, formerly of Berwick township, is having a fine residence erected along the Lincoln Highway, at the West end of Abbotstown.

Joseph Rutters, of McSherrystown, who had his left arm dislocated on Monday by falling from his dray team when his horses started to run away, is improving.

John Marsh, of Cumberland township was kicked on the chest by a horse on Wednesday night while working about the stable. He sustained a broken rib.

The salary of Prof. Knouse, principal of the Littlestown schools, has been raised from \$900 to \$1200, and he will be retained in that position for another year.

Dennis Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Robinson, Hanover street has purchased a lot of ground on Poplar street, from J. C. Geiselman. Terms private.

Deputy Game Warden Horace E. Smiley, of Gettysburg, has received two more Bronze turkeys which will be released for purposes of propagation, near Orrtanna.

Edw. C. Sheely, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Sheely, of Lincoln Way, East, located at Akron, Ohio, is confined to the Akron hospital with an attack of scarlet fever.

Easter services by the Sunday schools in the First Lutheran church on Sunday evening, were of an interesting nature. The auditorium was filled to its capacity.

D. C. Asper and R. C. Strouse, assignees, sold the warehouse, coal yards and two lots of ground at Aspers Station to the estate of F. A. Asper, for \$3,755, on Saturday.

Z. H. Cashman, who has been ill for some time, and who has been confined to his bed for the past two weeks, at his home on Hanover street, is reported as not improving.

Mrs. J. McC. Gilbert, who sustained a fracture of one of her legs near the ankle, by a fall on the porch at her home on Center Square, about 7 weeks ago, continues to slowly improve.

Frank Jacobs and Herbert Trimmer, of East Berlin, left last week for the West. Mr. Jacobs will shear sheep in Idaho, and Mr. Trimmer will go on to California and engage in farming.

When the horse which he was shoeing kicked, Louis Kramer, who conducts the blacksmith shop in Gettysburg, received a bad cut in his right hand from a nail in its shoe, Monday afternoon.

Richard, 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Feeser, of near Bermudian, had the misfortune, recently, to fall from the hay mow to the ground below, and fracture his left collar bone.

Benjamin Veiner son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Veiner, of Gettysburg, cut a large gash in his head while playing at school on Tuesday afternoon. Four stitches were required to close the wound.

Sam'l J. Diehl, of Lincoln Way, West, agent for the Hanover steam bakery, while on his route, killed a blacksnake, on the Melhenny farm, in Straban township, that measured 4 feet in length.

J. W. Gilbert, the merchant tailor, on Thursday removed his household effects and family from the C. F. Stough house, on Lincoln Way, East, to one of the Plymire houses, on West High street.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the dwelling house on the property of G. K. Walker, in Heidlersburg, one day recently, entailing a loss of about \$600, partly covered by insurance in the Mummaburg company.

Sixteen graduates will receive diplomas at the commencement exercises of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary on the evening of May 18. This is one of the largest classes in recent years.

Word has been received here Mrs. Kerrigan, wife of Joseph Kerrigan, formerly of Mt. Pleasant township, had the misfortune to break one of her legs, at her home in York, on Friday. No particulars were given.

Frank Dutterer, of Littlestown, while shoeing a horse at his blacksmith shop on Wednesday, was kicked by the animal sustaining a fracture of his right leg above the knee. Mr. Dutterer was Chief of Police in Littlestown for many years.

C. A. Hershey's sale, near McKnightstown, on Wednesday, amounted to \$5,256.80. The best horse brought \$200; a 10-month-old mule \$71; the best cow \$80; a brood sow \$44.50; a young gilt \$32; a number of 8-week-old pigs \$15 each.

John C. Shealer, constable of Gettysburg, for several years chief of police of that borough, has successfully passed the examination for the Pennsylvania State Constabulary and has been sent to one of the barracks to report for immediate service.

While playing on a lumber pile on the lot of the Imperial cigar factory in McSherrystown, Mildred, 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Rider, of that place, fell to the ground, cutting a gash in her forehead that required 7 stitches to close.

C. William Beales has filed with the Secretary of the Commonwealth, his petition for State Senator in the Adams-Franklin district. The papers were forwarded to the State official on Monday. In all about 20 petitions came in upon him in the past few days.

Clinton Beard, son of Mrs. Beard, of Gettysburg, has received an advancement in being appointed head chemist at the plant of the Acheson Oildag Company, at Port Huron, Mich. He was formerly located at Niagara Falls, but has now taken up his new position.

On Saturday, April 22, C. H. Robinson, as agent, will sell the personal effects of Miss Anna Camp, at her home on Berlin avenue. The latest reports from the aged lady, who was recently removed to St. Joseph's hospital at Lancaster, is to the effect that she is not improving.

The venerable Geo. T. Himes, who had the misfortune to trip and fall in his home on Lincoln Way, East, about 9 weeks ago, and fracture his left hip, is again able to about, notwithstanding his advanced age of 73 years. With his wife and daughter he made a trip to Gettysburg on Friday.

Mrs. Julia Shueman, a former resident of New Oxford, but for a number of years residing near Spring Grove, is now keeping house for John Yingling, on Hanover street. Mr. Yingling's daughter, who was recently married, has gone to housekeeping in the house vacated by Clarence W. Klingel, on Pleasant street.

Sheriff Hartman on Saturday sold a 30 foot lot of ground in Gettysburg, the property of the Colored Odd Fellows, to Asbury M. E. church for \$160.

Twenty three acres of land in Hamilton township, the property of the McPherson estate, were sold Saturday to Norman H. Musselman for \$105 an acre.

While engaged in sharpening a lawnmower at his shop in Gettysburg, on Monday morning, William Conover had two fingers on one of his hands badly cut when the blades of the mower were set revolving. The fourth finger was nearly severed about a quarter of an inch from the end, and the third finger was also badly cut.

Romaine, a young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Livingston, of Lincoln Way, West, had the misfortune to trip and fall down a flight of stairs at her home on Wednesday morning. It was at first thought that she had been seriously injured, but fortunately, upon examination, it was found that she escaped with a few minor bruises.

Walters Theatre, in Gettysburg, was sold at Sheriff's sale on Saturday to Amos J. Collins, former owner of the place. The theatre was seized some time ago as the property of John Walter and Blanche M. Walter. It was sold for divested of a mortgage of \$11,500 held by Mr. Collins, to him for \$500. The contents were sold to Mr. Collins for \$100.

In a civil suit brought by Charles Dicks, of Round Hill, against Mrs. Alveta Myers, of Hampton, for a threshing account held before Squire Straley on Friday afternoon, Dicks contended the bill is unpaid and Squire Straley withheld his decision until next Friday. Mrs. Myers was represented by J. L. Williams, Esq., while C. S. Duncan, Esq., represented Mr. Dicks.

While fishing along Rock Creek, near the old Ploutz farm, now owned by Reuben Fissel, on Wednesday afternoon, Edward Gilbert, of Gettysburg unearthed the remains of a soldier. Two bones protruding from the ground led to the discovery of the skeleton of which the bones of the legs, arms, the skull and a number of ribs were found. A mashed rebel bullet was also dug up by Mr. Gilbert.

Andrew R. Bodbeck, of Hanover, has had his nomination petition for Congress filed with the secretary of the commonwealth. He will be opposed on the Democratic ticket by S. Forry Loucks, York. The only Republican candidate for Congress is Samuel McCall, of York. D. F. Lafean's nominating petition for congressman-at-large was also filed on Monday.

Horse Up Trestle.

A horse driven by Jonas Wolf, of Hampton, had a narrow escape from being killed on Thursday morning when it broke loose from a telephone pole to which it was tied, and ran up the trestle at the J. S. Young Co., Hanover, where it plunged head first into an open door at the bark mill. The frightened animal struck against a cross-bar, which kept it from entering the building. The united efforts of the mill hands, draymen at the Zehring coal yards and several men from the depot were required to get the horse out of the mill and off the elevated siding. The horse suffered severe cuts and bruises on the legs. The front wheel and dash of the vehicle were broken and parts of the harness torn. Mr. and Mrs. Wolf went to Hanover in the morning on business. They left the horse at the H. A. Smith stable, where it is under veterinary treatment, while another team was procured to take them home.

Serious Results From Slight Accident.

It required the greatest efforts on the part of the family physician to save the life of Earl, the 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Kling, of the New Oxford Flouring Mills, last week, as the result of what was considered a slight accident. The child, while at play in his home on Wednesday, accidentally fell to the floor and the pointed end of the lead pencil which he carried, penetrated the palm of his right hand, but slightly, scarcely causing the blood to flow. Little attention was paid to the wound, other than to apply home remedies. Some time afterward, however, the wound became infected, and not only did the hand and arm become stiffened, but he became ill and for several days his condition was considered serious. At latest reports he has so far recovered as to be able to leave his bed, but the lad is unable to use his shoulder, arm or hand.

Buggies Smashed Under Building.

The unusual high wind which prevailed on Friday did considerable damage throughout this section. On the farm of Joseph Glass, along the Hanover pike, about 2½ miles East of town, the carriage-house was blown down and demolished. A surrey and falling-top buggy that were in the building were wrecked under the debris, causing a considerable loss.

At the new house of M. D. Feiser, on Berlin avenue, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Deatrich, one of the large plate glass windows on the first floor was blown in and demolished.

Much loss in the way of blowing down of fences, etc., was experienced by farmers.

A large tree on the property of A. V. Staub, in Hamilton township, was blown down. The tree in falling broke down part of a shed and some of the nearby fences. It is generally believed that this was one of the largest maple trees in the county and has withstood the storms for many years.

Jaw Crushed by Horse's Kick.

Kicked by a horse when he struck it with a stick, Norman Diehl, 15-year-old son of William Diehl, of Cumberland township, had a portion of his upper jaw crushed on Friday afternoon. The accident happened at the Buttonwood Stock Farm, where Diehl is employed. Harry Starnier, tenant on the farm, owned by J. L. Butt, was leading a horse out of the stable to take it to another farm. The animal balked when he reached the door and young Diehl, who was following, struck it with a stick. The horse kicked, striking Diehl on the upper lip, knocking out several teeth and crushing the bone. He suffered severe lacerations, to the lower jaw, from the shoes of the animal.

Ties Give Way Under Engine.

Engine No. 614, one of the medium sized type of the W. M. R. R., while making a shift on the siding at the W. H. Carbaugh brick kilns, at Berlin Junction, at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, caused a delay of traffic for over two hours. Just as the heavy engine was about to leave the main tracks the sharp point of the switch rail bent, throwing the heavy engine off the track and onto the ties. The engine was too close to the main track to allow other trains to pass. By jacking and with the assistance of the engine from the passenger train due here at 5:10, it was finally got back to firm track, about 6:15 o'clock, and the mail trains, east and west, were able to go on their way.

Injured In Fall.

Leander J. Bower, one of New Chester's oldest and best known citizens, met with an accident on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Bower, while walking from the barn to the house, in the yard at his home, tripped over the end of a board and was thrown to the ground. In the fall his head merely came in contact with a boulder, cutting a large gash in the scalp on the top of his head. He also sustained a fracture of a bone in his left shoulder, and was badly injured across the small of his back. Mr. Bower, who is 81 years of age, is a veteran of the Civil War, and a brother of our worthy townsman, Thomas E. Bower. At latest reports, he was slowly improving.

Born—April 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kitzmiller, Berwick township, a son. On April 16, to Mr. and Mrs. George Winand, of Abbotstown, a son. On April 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Berkheimer, of Abbotstown, a son.

Engine Off Track

At Abbotstown.

Although there is no railroad tracks within three miles of East Berlin, the following item has been published in Hanover, York and Gettysburg papers:

"The heavy traffic on the new East Berlin railroad caused a wreck at East Berlin Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock when the air brake on the engine, refusing to work as the train pulled in from Berlin Junction, the three loaded cars pushed the locomotive through the engine house and off the end of the switch, which is not provided with a buffer. The engine is now imbedded in from three to four feet of mud. One of the box cars of the modern type was too big for the engine house and ripped off the roof. Noah Sell, the fireman in jumping from the engine as it went off the end of the tract, sprained one of his ankles. It is not believed that the engine is greatly damaged, but this will not be ascertained definitely until it is extricated. The whistle of the locomotive was torn off by the roof of the engine house. The roof afterward collapsed on the box cars, when one of them failed to fit the entrance. Freight traffic had only been restored to East Berlin early in the week, after a long suspension, and already the town is feeling its beneficial effects."

It was at Abbotstown, to which place the road has just been completed, and where a temporary shelter for the engine had been erected over a siding, that the mishap occurred. The wrecking crew from Hanover, replaced the engine on the track on Tuesday evening, and but little damage was done the machine.

Died at Hospital.

Cletus Bievenour, son of Theophilus Bievenour, residing on the J. H. Fleming farm, along the York pike, near town, died at the York hospital, at 10:15 o'clock on Wednesday morning. The young man was taken to the hospital on March 27th, and underwent operation for mastoiditis, an affection of the head, when a portion of the mastoid bone was removed. Although the surgeons at the hospital claimed it was one of the worst cases to come under their observation, the young man rallied and seemed to be improving nicely until Monday, previous to his death, when there was a turn for the worse and death followed at the time stated. He was aged 18 years, 5 months and 21 days, and is survived by his father, a step-mother, one brother, Emory, and a sister, Miss Alveta Bievenour, all at home. The body was brought to his late home by undertaker W. A. Feiser, on Wednesday, from which place the funeral was held on Saturday morning, with services and interment at Sacred Heart church, Paradise, near Abbotstown.

Seventeen Black Snakes In Graveyard.

According to reports published, 17 black-snakes were killed in a graveyard at Hunt-erstown on Sunday. And, furthermore, it wasn't a den of snakes, but 17 big reptiles scattered about the plot. The largest measured a few inches over 6 feet, and the lot averaged 4 feet 9 inches each. Clinton Brown and Edward Taughinbaugh made the kill. They happened to take a stroll by the old Presbyterian graveyard on Sunday afternoon and discovered the warm sun had brought out the reptiles, in full force. With clubs and stones they took the offensive and in the fight that followed the above casualties resulted. And not all of the snakes could be reached with stones. One big one was seen hanging from a limb of a tree and despite their efforts they could not dislodge it. Neither could the men, viewed with enthusiasm the suggestion, to crawl up after it, so they secured a gun and shot it.

Driving Accident.

While Mrs. Lynus Smith, residing on the John Gulden farm, near Kohler's school-house, recently of town, accompanied by her little child and brother Emory Devine, were driving on the way to the home of her mother, Mrs. Keagy, near McSherrystown, on Sunday afternoon, the horse she was driving took fright at some object in passing through Irishtown, and plunged to the side of the road. The animal fell in the side drain and turned the conveyance over upon its side. The occupants were thrown out but escaped injury. It required the united efforts of several men to get the animal on his feet again. Some damage was done the harness and buggy.

No Street Work.

The plan of getting State-aid for the paving of streets in Gettysburg, New Oxford and Littlestown, was practically killed on Wednesday when Deputy Attorney General Keller gave as his opinion, that, under the law, the State is not permitted to construct or improve as a State-aid highway, any section of a State highway route within the limits of the borough. It will now be up to the councils of these towns to devise other means for relieving existing conditions.

22 On Eligible List of County.

Vacancies in the position of rural mail carriers in Adams county occurring within the next year will be filled from a list of eligibles just announced by the United Civil Service Commission, and which was created as an examination held in Gettysburg on February 26. The list contains 22 names. Among the names are the following from town and vicinity: Charles C. Freed, Charles Hamm, Robert H. Hoover.

Taken by Death.

Miss Susan Sullivan, for more than fifty years a resident of Fairfield, died on March 18th, at the residence of her brother, Joseph T. Sullivan, in Dayton, Ohio, aged 78 years and 7 days.

David Moody, father of Thomas Moody, of Bermudian, died at his home, at Wells-ville, York county, on Wednesday, aged 85 years.

Barnabas A. Reilly, a resident of Gettysburg, died at his home in that place on Tuesday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock, aged 84 years, 4 months and 11 days. His death followed an illness of about six months, the greater part of which he was confined to his bed. He leaves his wife and one daughter, Miss Mabel Reilly, at home.

Following an illness of more than three months from a complication of diseases, Mrs. Josephine Cooper, a well known lady of McSherrystown, died at her home in that place, at 5:35 o'clock on Wednesday morning. She was aged 66 years, 11 months and 13 days. The deceased was a daughter of the late Conrad and Josephine Fuchs, and was born in McSherrystown. Mrs. Cooper leaves one daughter, Miss Emma J. Cooper, at home, and one brother, R. J. Fuchs, of McSherrystown.

George W. Garrett died at 8:40 o'clock Thursday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Sevilla Nace, in Hanover, after a ten days' illness from pneumonia. He was probably the oldest man in Hanover, being aged 94 years, 2 months and 21 days.

After an illness of several months from valvular heart trouble, Reiley S. Harnish died at 7 o'clock on Friday morning, at his home in Gettysburg, aged 62 years and 25 days. Mr. Harnish was born near Hanover, a son of Michael and Rebecca Harnish. When he was but a few years old the family moved to Stonestifer's mill, in Conewago township, and later they went to Illinois, where they lived for a time. Upon their return to the East they took up their residence in Hanover, later going to McKnightstown, where the parents spent the remaining years of their lives. At the time of his death he was serving his second term as Justice of the Peace in Gettysburg. In 1901 he married Miss Maria Stammer, of Gettysburg, whom he leaves, together with one sister, Mrs. C. T. Lowery, of McKnightstown.

Mr. Harnish was buried in a grave in the Gettysburg cemetery which he had prepared for himself. Five years ago he dug a grave sufficiently large to hold five bodies, walled it up, sealed it and then said that a burden was off his mind.

Following an illness of about four weeks from infirmities, Mrs. Catharine Overdeer, widow of Samuel Overdeer, died at her home in Hanover at 9:30 a. m., on Friday, aged 87 years. She leaves one son and two daughters.

Violet, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Fuhrman, of Hanover, died at 10:15 o'clock on Friday morning, from measles and pneumonia, aged 1 year and 14 days.

In loving memory of my dear mother, Mrs. John Kopman, who departed this life on April 19, 1915.

Mrs. CHAS. B. HANFT, New York City.

Mrs. Lydia J. Myers, widow of James F. Myers, of Midway, died at the Union Protestant Infirmary, in Baltimore, at noon on Friday, following an operation for gall-stones, which she underwent 11 weeks ago. She was aged 61 years, 6 months and 6 days. The deceased was a daughter of the late Robert C. and Lydia Beales Livingston, and was born in York Springs. She was married 44 years ago to James F. Myers, son of the late Hamilton and Rebecca Myers, of Round Hill. Their early life was spent on a farm in that vicinity. Twenty-two years ago they went to Hanover, where Mr. Myers engaged in the coal business. He died Dec. 3, 1901. The deceased leaves two sons: Robert H. Myers and Hayes B. Myers, both of Midway. Two sisters: Mrs. Mary E. Wolford, of Reading, and Mrs. Robert Nelson, of Dillsburg, also survive. Interment was made in Mt. Olivet cemetery, Hanover, on Sunday afternoon.

The Rev. Dr. S. W. Owen, aged 79 years, for nearly 47 years pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, Hagerstown, died April 16 of arterio sclerosis and gangrene of the foot after an illness of about one month. He was one of leading clergymen of the General Lutheran Synod of the United States, of which he was formerly president. Dr. Owen was one of a family of 13 children, five of whom were clergymen.

James Henry, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry, of Red Hill, Oxford township, died on Monday morning from measles and pneumonia, aged 12 months and 13 days. Interment was made in the Immaculate Conception Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Benjamin Trimmer died at the Brethren Home, near Carlisle on Sunday midnight aged 87 years. She went to the home from East Berlin five years ago. Her husband died at the Home about two years ago. No children survive. Interment will be made at Mummert's meeting house this Thursday.

Sister Mary Zita, died at St. Joseph's

Convent, McSherrystown, on Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock, following an operation for appendicitis, after a month's illness. The deceased was Miss Mary Laylin, of Pittston, Pa. She entered the Sisterhood 48 years ago. Her age was about 70 years.

Ephraim Sell, aged 71 years, 2 months and 15 days, died at Kentland, Ind., on Monday. He was a brother of Emanuel Sell and Mrs. Amos Bair, of Hanover, and Mrs. Henry Rife, of near Gettysburg.

Native of East Berlin Dies Suddenly.

Mrs. Ellen C. Worley, wife of J. O. Worley, residing close to Hanover, died suddenly on Sunday evening at 5 o'clock, of heart trouble. Mrs. Worley apparently enjoyed the best of health during the day. On returning from the barn about 4:30 o'clock, however, where she assisted in the milking of the cows, she complained of not feeling well and was helped to bed and the family physician summoned but death came before the doctor arrived. She was aged 48 years, 11 months and 23 days. Mrs. Worley daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Ziegler, of East Berlin. Twenty-eight years ago she married to Mr. Worley, who survives with the following children: Mrs. Charles Lehigh, of Hampton; Mrs. John Amsberger and Mrs. Harriet Kehr, of Hanover; Harry Worley, of Midway; Lydia, Fannie, John, Paul and Lloyd at home. Two sisters and two brothers: Samuel Ziegler, of Abbotstown; William Ziegler, and Mrs. Jonas King, of York; and Mrs. Andrew Baker, who resides at the Worley home, also survive. The funeral will be held this Thursday morning at 9 o'clock from her late home. Services and interment at Mummert's meeting house, near East Berlin.

Holy Week Services.

Services will be held each evening during the present week in the First Lutheran church. Preparatory services on Friday evening. Communion services on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Passion week will be observed in the M. E. church of New Oxford Thursday and Friday evening 20th and 21st. Rev. W. W. Vanorsdel of Montana will preach Thursday evening at 7:30 and the pastor Dr. Oyler will preach Friday evening. The quarterly Communion will be observed Easter morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. R. S. Oyler Pastor.

Holy Week services in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Rev. Fr. Stock, rector, will be as follows: On Thursday morning. High Mass and procession to the Repository, at 8 o'clock; prayers, etc., at 7:30 p. m. On Friday morning. Mass of the Pre Sanctified, at 8 o'clock; Stations of the Cross and Adoration of the Cross, at 7:30 p. m. On Saturday morning the blessing of the Easter Water and Paschal Candle, at 7 o'clock, followed by a High Mass.

Slowly Improving.

Frank Weidner has returned from the Carlisle hospital to his home in Hunting-ton township, and is making a gallant fight to regain his health. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago Mr. Weidner had his skull fractured by a blow from a horse hoof. The physicians in charge of Mr. Weidner think that he will eventually recover the use of his right leg and part use of his arm which have been paralyzed.

Scalded Hands.

Mary the 18 year old daughter of C. A. Storm, of Mt. Misery, Oxford township, met with a mishap that has caused her considerable pain. While preparing supper one evening last week, she in some manner overturned a vessel of boiling water, part of the contents of which went over her hands, scalding them very badly. A local physician gave necessary attention.

Edgar B. Finch, of Hanover, paid a fine of \$2 and costs, a total of \$10.41 for not sending his 12-year-old son to school.

The Ladies Mite Society of the Reformed church will hold their annual Easter Market, on Saturday afternoon and evening, April 22nd, in the S. S. room. Consisting of all homemade eatables: bread, pies, cakes, candies, ice cream, sandwiches and hot coffee. Market opens at 2 o'clock p. m.

FOR SALE.—A Chestnut Sorrel Mare, 7 years old, fine and stylish driver and worker, sound and safe. Also one pair of black Mules, 6 years old, well broken, safe and sound. Inquire of F. E. M. YEAGY, Route 1, New Oxford.

FOR SALE.—One male pig, weight about 35 lbs., Poland China, entitled to register; also three female pigs of same litter. Address: Bernard S. Jenkins Route 3, New Oxford, or call Bell Telephone 87-4.

FOR SALE.—Ten Acres of valuable land in Oxford township, near the Borough line; very fertile and under high state of cultivation. A rare opportunity to get a bargain. For further information call on or address: CHARLES K. YEAGER, Justice of the Peace, New Oxford, Pa.

SPECIAL FOR EASTER—Ready-trimmed Hats, of \$4.00 Value at \$2.95.

M. L. WAGNER, Carlisle St.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford—by J. H. Duttera

Choice Wheat		\$1 13
No. 2		95
Rye		75
Oats		40
Corn		70

Golden Heart

By WALTER DELANEY

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"It must be done!" spoke Gregory Thearle.

"I am sorry to be the medium of your message, Mr. Thearle," spoke William Ashe. "I am your attorney. You can command me, but speaking in a strictly professional sense you are taking the wrong course in this matter."

"I differ with you and I have made an unalterable decision," spoke Thearle stubbornly.

"Very well, Mr. Thearle, I will do the best I can," said the lawyer.

The attorney went home thoughtful and a trifle disturbed. His old-time client had set him a hard task, for he was a sensitive and sympathetic man at heart. He unbosomed to his wife.

"A disagreeable mission," he told her. "It seems that Mr. Thearle has learned that his son Rodney is in love with a young lady at Dayton—a Miss Evelyn Boice. He knows nothing about her, but assumes that she is in view of the fact that young Rodney is a rich man's son. Not only that, but Mr. Thearle is in sore trouble concerning his business. I have begged him to tell Rodney, who is a fine fellow, as you know, all about it, but his father hopes to escape the threatened embarrassment in his business and refuses. Looking at the dark side of affairs further, he says



"I Differ With You."

It would be a terrible thing for Rodney to marry and find himself penniless. "And what are you to do, dear?" submitted Mrs. Ashe.

"Brutally speaking, I am to tell the young lady that the Thearle family object to the match. If, as Mr. Thearle puts it, she is indeed a fortune hunter, I am to show her certain documents proving that Mr. Thearle may be a beggar in a month."

Mr. Ashe reached Dayton the next morning. He had the address of Miss Evelyn Boice. He found that she was a daughter in a very respectable family, had come from another city some months previous and was taking a course at an art school.

Reverent, even luxury, were in evidence in the handsome drawing room where he sat awaiting the fiancée of his client's son. Ashe decided that she could not be very poor to afford so expensive a home, nor an adventuress if she was seeking education in a line where the practical worker makes a good living.

He had sent up his card by the servant. In a few minutes Miss Boice came into the apartment. The lawyer directed one searching analytical look at that charming face and wished he was home, anywhere, but in the presence of such ingenuousness, innocence and beauty.

"We are strangers," he observed, arising with all the courtesy and respectfulness he could command. "I wish we had remained so, Miss Boice," he added almost sorrowfully.

Her face was a void of amazement. Surely, never had she known so strange a gathering!

"That is a hard thing to say, is it not, Miss Boice?" he continued, trying to force a whimsical smile, "and I must explain. I am a lawyer. I have been sent on a mission most distasteful to me. Be indulgent, dear lady, I came from Mr. Gregory Thearle."

"The father of Rodney!" murmured the girl and a slight pallor came over her face.

"He objects to the attention of his son to you, Miss Boice," pursued Ashe steadily. "There are reasons, according to his detached point of view—they are not mine, believe me. Mr. Thearle is in trouble. There may be occasion for Rodney to stand by his father and the family—I—I—"

The lawyer felt wretched. The sweet girl before him had held him spellbound with the winsome innocence of her lovely eyes. Now they filled with tears.

"Mr. Ashe," she said brokenly. "Oh, indeed, no attitude of mine shall distress him. I would help the poor old

man. He does not understand how dearly I love Rodney."

"The last barrier of suspicion was broken down with the steadfast lawyer, but he had his duty to perform. "I am ordered," and he spoke with a meaning and a commiseration that even this artless experienced girl fully understood. "I am ordered to furnish you proof of the possibility of all his means being swept from him," and William Ashe produced a package of business documents. "These evidence the fact that if Mr. Thearle does not raise nearly fifty thousand dollars by the fifteenth of the month his creditors will take all he has."

"Oh dear! how sorrowful," fluttered Evelyn Boice. "No, no," she demurred, touching the documents as the lawyer was about to replace them in his pocket. "I am interested. Let me know all, please. I can—perhaps I can help."

The lawyer marveled at the sudden change in the girl, the expression of strength that came into her fair face, at her enigmatical manner as she handed back the papers with the simple words.

"I thank you. Please tell Mr. Thearle that I sympathize with him and that I really will not be any added burden to his troubles."

William Ashe returned home to announce to his client that the young lady was reconciled to his stern fiat. Then he partially forgot the lovely girl amid a hard, but a vain effort to secure an extension from his creditors. They had tied up one hundred thousand dollars in collateral that, under a forced sale, would ruin the old merchant.

"No arrangement can be made," reported the lawyer one morning. "The collateral was closed out yesterday and purchased by some outsider."

"Then the creditors will be paid?" asked his client.

"Dollar for dollar, but the holder of the collateral now holds you at his mercy."

Ashe left the broken merchant making his arrangements to close up his business and begin life all over again. Two hours later Ashe came rushing into the office of gloom, madly excited.

"Look!" he cried, flinging down a big envelope before his client.

"The note canceled! the collateral released!" gasped Gregory Thearle. "What marvel is this?"

Then his eye fell upon the name upon the note, that of the person to whom the bank had transferred it.

"Evelyn Boice!" he fairly shouted, and then before the lawyer could make an explanation the old man collapsed under the shock completely.

But the full explanation came later and a happy chain of circumstances it involved, indeed, William Ashe surmised what had transpired as soon as he saw that name. The "fortune hunter," the sweet girl at Dayton, had returned the stern treatment of "Rodney's dear father" by saving him from beggary.

"You never told me that you were rich, that you were an heiress," Rodney said to her a day later.

"Why should I have done so?" challenged Evelyn modestly. "It was so delightful to be loved just for my poor little humble self."

HER DREAM NOT FULFILLED

Cave Woman's Desires Were Good, But Humanity Seems Not Yet Ready to Adopt Them.

At night the cave woman lay awake while her mate slept, watched the firelight playing on the walls, listened to the howling of the wolves.

"When all the wolves are dead," she used to think, "how good life will become! My men and I will walk where we will in the forest, and we will be great friends, and very tender and wise with each other. And what children we shall rear, when I know all the magic herbs that cure their sickness and they need never die of famine!"

With such dreams she smiled and slept.

Well, all the wolves are dead. But women do not yet walk freely with men in the forest. Most men bid them not gad about looking for wisdom and tenderness, but stay by the campfire twining scarlet berries in their hair, and most women obey. And children still die from famine and sickness, for the world seeks more busily for more scarlet berries than for food and healing herbs.

But, bitterest of all to the dead cave woman, though the world has concentrated so extravagantly upon the adornments she invented, it has forgotten the meaning that set her whole body glowing as her fingers twined them in her hair. Those berries were the badge of courage of the heart and of the body; they were an invitation to love and motherhood. These things have had no deadlier foe than elegance.—Rebecca West in the New Republic.

Goethe a Product of His Time.

It would be as impossible now for a man to be a great poet and a great man of science, like Goethe as for a man to be familiar with the whole sum of contemporary knowledge, as Dante was. Devotion to science, in this century, is necessarily followed by some such experience as that which Darwin underwent; the meticulous observation of facts blunts all finer sensitiveness to poetry and music. Science means socialization, and dwells on the multiplicity of phenomena; Goethe reached a universal outlook, and was occupied with that unity which binds all to all. —Atlantic Monthly.

BLIND WORKS AT HOUSEWRECKING

Loss of Sight Is No Serious Handicap to This California Man.

WORK IS WELL DONE

Tears Down Buildings Without Much Aid and Piles the Boards and Takes Away the Refuse—Does Astonishing Things.

Berkeley, Cal.—Blindness is no serious handicap to Gerald Cloutman of 2207 Ellsworth street, housewrecker, who has not seen the bright sun since he was three years old. He graduated from the California School for the Blind and started out to make his own living. Now he daily astonishes those who know of his affliction by climbing steep roofs, detaching lumber from the most precarious positions and always coming back to safety unscathed. He is at present wrecking a house at Sixty-fourth street and San Pablo avenue, doing all of the work himself, and even experts can find no fault with the way the boards are aligned on the sidewalk and waste is neatly piled away. Thinks Blind Can Do Anything.

To those who express their astonishment at his skill, Cloutman replies that a blind man can do nearly as much as anybody gifted with two seeing eyes.

"But blind people are never given a chance," he complains. "If people would interest themselves in individual cases and use patience and compassion, many who now are a burden to their communities would become useful members of society. More is being done now along those lines, and the time will come when a blind man will have no more difficulty in securing a position than anyone else. Science may help some, but those who must grope their way



Does All the Work Himself.

through life in darkness entirely will be benefited more by the exercise of sound common sense."

Wife and a Homestead.

Cloutman was married six months ago. He is about thirty years old. For several years he has spent the summer months in Calaveras county, where he claimed a homestead and makes a living selling brooms. In winter he plies his trade as wrecker in this city.

BABY WEIGHS BUT 24 OUNCES

Infant Is Perfectly Formed and Is Fed With a Medicine Dropper—Expected to Live.

Tiltonsville, O.—The women of this town are interested in a tiny mite of humanity which arrived at the home of Joseph Benson, who is twenty-four years old, and whose wife is eighteen years old. The infant, a girl, is formed perfectly, but weighs only 24 ounces. Mrs. Benson's wedding ring can be slipped over the baby's hand and down to its elbows. The child is fed with a medicine dropper. The attending physician believes that if the baby's life can be sustained for seven months, it will have no more trouble than a normal child.

MAKES HIS HOME A HOTEL

Charge Brought by San Francisco Woman Wins Her a Divorce.

San Francisco.—Gretchen E. Best has been granted a divorce from Otto Best, a Los Angeles chemist, because he considered his home a hotel and his wife an unnecessary encumbrance. "That seems to be a prevailing weakness nowadays," said the judge who tried the case. "Too many men consider their homes merely a place to sleep and eat and their wives as servants, and if the wives refuse to be merely servants then they are considered nuisances."

Killed by His Own Trap.

Austin, Tex.—While setting a wolf trap on a ranch near here Alfred L. Cook accidentally shot and killed himself with the weapon he intended to use against the wolf.

KILLED TENTMATE TWELVE YEARS AGO

Ojeda Says He Has Had No Luck Since He Shot Miller Near Manila.

San Francisco.—Confessing that he had killed his tentmate near Manila over twelve years ago, and that he wished now to surrender and atone for his crime, W. A. Ojeda, an ex-soldier, gave himself up to the police.

Ojeda says the man he killed was George D. Miller, who enlisted in the army from Omaha under the name of George Moore, and that the crime occurred in the camp about four miles out of Manila during the night of June 27, 1903.

"We enlisted together, and were sent to the islands with the Eighteenth battery, field artillery," Ojeda



Shot Him as He Lay Asleep.

told the police. "For reasons which I cannot explain I was always afraid of Miller, and was finally driven to killing him out of a feeling of self-protection. I shot him as he lay asleep in our tent one night. I used his revolver, so that it would appear to be a case of suicide. That is how the authorities viewed it."

"I have never had any luck since then, and though I have married and raised three children, everything has gone wrong. I want to square myself on this thing and then start over again."

Ojeda says his family is now at Cedar Hill, Tex. He claims to have been raised at Hollister, Cal.

MEN LURED BY "RICH WIDOW"

Much-Married Enchantress Tells How She Wheedled Money From Would-Be Husbands.

San Francisco.—Wedded four times, and the mother of ten children, Mrs. Thompson Nigro Bryant Isaacson Christianson admitted the other day before United States Commissioner Krull in San Francisco that she had been using the mails for three years to wheedle money out of confiding men under promise of marriage.

Mrs. Christianson confessed that she had received thousands of dollars from her victims by representing herself as a wealthy and lonely widow eager to resume the blissful life to be found in happy marriage. The only plea that she made in her defense was her desire for fine clothes and her love for her twelve-year-old invalid son, Joey.

She admitted that her former husband, Isaacson, proved an exception to all the men she ever knew by getting all of her money.

"I have a long list of business men in San Francisco, Oakland and other cities who answered advertisements I used to insert in the papers. Most of them were after the money of the supposed wealthy widow, but I fooled them. I suppose I shall have to take my medicine for fleecing so many easy marks," she concluded.

WEDS ON A DEATH THREAT

Long Says He Married Mrs. McFadden for Fear She Would Kill Him.

Easton, Pa.—The contention of Robert W. Long that he married Anna McFadden because he was afraid that her mother, Mrs. Moses McFadden, would kill him unless he did, failed to get him a divorce. Judge Stewart has filed an opinion sustaining the report of the master, which refused a decree of divorce.

Long swore that on January 18, 1911, Mrs. McFadden and her daughter visited his tailoring establishment, when Mrs. McFadden informed him that unless he married Anna immediately she would kill him. After the wedding, he said, he went to his own home. He neither supported his wife, nor did she ever make any demands on him for maintenance. They had no children. In his application for a divorce Long claimed the marriage was invalid, because he was coerced and became a bridegroom against his better judgment.

Long swore that on January 18, 1911, Mrs. McFadden and her daughter visited his tailoring establishment, when Mrs. McFadden informed him that unless he married Anna immediately she would kill him. After the wedding, he said, he went to his own home. He neither supported his wife, nor did she ever make any demands on him for maintenance. They had no children. In his application for a divorce Long claimed the marriage was invalid, because he was coerced and became a bridegroom against his better judgment.

Aged Couple Married 71 Years. Burkittsville, Md.—Mr. and Mrs. Greenberry J. R. House, aged ninety and eighty-seven years, respectively, celebrated their seventy-first wedding anniversary at their home here by entertaining their five children, eight grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

He who resolves to do one thing honorably and thoroughly, and sets about it at once, will attain usefulness and eminence.

Business is like ore, dig for it.

MORE GOOD THINGS.

A delicious sandwich to serve with tea is this: Mix a fourth of a cupful of finely chopped Canton ginger with a third of a cupful of pecan meats.

Add two table-spoonfuls of finely cut candied orange peel, one table-spoonful of ginger sirup, one table-spoonful of vinegar and a few grains of salt. Spread between thin, unsweetened crackers. Arrange on a plate covered with a lace paper dolly.

Orange Cakes.—Roll out pie paste a fourth of an inch thick and cut with any fancy cookie cutter. Arrange on a buttered sheet and bake in a hot oven until brown, split and fill them with orange marmalade, spread with orange frosting and sprinkle with chopped candied orange peel around the edges. To make the orange frosting add orange juice and orange rind for the flavor. Add confectioners' sugar until the mixture is of the right consistency.

Cherry Fritters.—Mix a fourth of a cupful of cornstarch, one fourth of a cupful of flour, one-half cupful of sugar and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add one-fourth of a cupful of cold milk and the yolks of three eggs, slightly beaten. Add the mixture gradually to two cupfuls of scalded milk, and cook in a double boiler fifteen minutes, stirring constantly until the mixture is well cooked. Add one-half cupful of cherries cut in halves and pour into a shallow pan to cool. Turn out on a board, cut in squares, dip in flour, egg crumbs and fry in deep fat.

Maraschino Sauce.—Mix thoroughly one cupful of sugar and two table-spoonfuls of cornstarch, add gradually while stirring constantly two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer five minutes; then add one-fourth of a cupful of the cherry sirup and a table-spoonful of butter bit by bit.

A word of appreciation in the home often works wonders. Nothing is more ungracious than passing over without remark and apparently without thought the many little efforts and attentions which are intended to sweeten domestic life.

WAYS WITH VEGETABLES.

The need of vegetables in our diet is one which is well recognized by all who study the needs of the body. The elements we get from vegetables which they take from the soil keep the blood in good condition and help in the resistance of disease.

Cabbage should always be cooked uncovered to allow the escape of the gases which cause intestinal trouble, and it also, when uncupped by cover, leaves a less objectionable odor in the house. Drop the sliced cabbage into rapidly boiling water and let it cook well until tender, then drain and serve with butter and vinegar, salt and pepper.

Parsnips.—Cook parsnips until tender in boiling salted water, then drain and cool. When it is time for the meal, cut in halves and fry in butter on both sides until brown. Sprinkle a very little sugar over them to insure a nice brown surface. Boiled parsnips, mashed and mixed with fritter batter, then fried in deep fat is another much liked dish.

Onions With Apples.—Fried onions are so rich and indigestible, but without so tasty, that one dislikes to eliminate them from the diet. When cooked with tart apples, using one part onion to two parts apples the dish is fully as delicious and more digestible. Put a small amount of drippings in the frying pan, add the sliced onion and brown a little, then add the apple and a small amount of boiling water, a sprinkling of sugar, salt and pepper and cook until all are well done. This dish may be baked in the oven and requires less care.

Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel.—Usually new potatoes are served in this manner, but freshly cooked diced potatoes are also good. Cook the potatoes until tender, drain them, then toss them in melted butter, well mixed with minced parsley, adding lemon juice to taste, season with salt and cayenne and serve hot.

A pot of parsley may be grown all the year around so that one may have the touch of flavor for various dishes as well as for garnishing.

Famous Runner Going to Front.

Tom Longboat, famous Indian runner, was enlisted in the Canadian forces and will no doubt make a fine soldier, although his peculiar qualifications are not those especially sought in soldier men.

Element That Wins.

To have a definite goal, to keep that goal constantly in mind, not to be diverted by every breath of wind that blows, that is a basic element in the most successful selling campaign.—John Irving Romer.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of drinking phosphated hot water each morning, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nervous wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or at the store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.—Adv.

Fifty vocations are taught in the United States navy.

Druggist Gives Highest Praise to Kidney Medicine

For the past fifteen years I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and my customers are always satisfied with the results obtained from its use and they speak in the highest terms regarding Swamp-Root. I have used it in my own family and the results were the most favorable. I believe it is a fine medicine for kidney, liver and bladder diseases and I always recommend it for such troubles.

Very truly yours,
CHAS. BRUTON, Druggist.
Jan. 5th, 1916. Dover, Tenn.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Czar Nicholas of Russia dislikes telephones.

REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A WELL KNOWN WASHINGTON DRUGGIST. In reference to Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great remedy for all kidney and bladder troubles, I have sold 3,000 bottles of Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and I have received from my customers a great deal of praise. I believe it is a fine medicine for kidney, liver and bladder diseases, and I always recommend it for such troubles.

Sometimes a man lones for tomorrow because he is ashamed of what he didn't do today.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a table-spoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

When a man pays compliments he is never forced to eat his words.

UTICA CITIZEN TO BE GIVEN HONOR

City to Have Exclusive Holiday, Recurring Annually.

FOR GENEROUS BENEFACTOR

Projected and Settled Upon at a Meeting of Citizens at Which Mayor Presides—Will Be Known as Proctor Day, and People Are Asked to Pay Tribute.

Utica, N. Y.—Utica is to have another holiday, one entirely and exclusively its own, to be observed this year and henceforth annually as long as the city stands. It is to be known as Proctor day, in honor of a citizen, philanthropist and benefactor who has done so much for the city—who has surrounded it with parks and established many of its charitable and public enterprises. Added, then, to the usual holidays of the year, so far as Utica is concerned, will be Proctor day, when the people will cease from their labors and celebrate the day in a fitting manner, looking forward to it from year to year as an established occasion in the life of the city.

All this was determined and settled upon at a meeting of citizens held in the common council chambers, the mayor of the city, Hon. James D. Smith, presiding.

Mayor Smith gave his indorsement of the project, declaring that he was willing to serve in any capacity that would be useful to the project. D. F. Howe, secretary of the chamber of commerce, was chosen secretary, and he also expressed his gratification over the fact that a Proctor day had been inaugurated.

A general discussion followed, and ways and means of organizing Proctor day upon a permanent basis were considered. The opinion prevailed that a permanent and self-perpetuating body should be formed for conducting the celebration from year to year, with authority to appoint committees to assist as occasion might require.

It is understood, although it was not finally settled, that the celebration this year should be held Saturday, July 8. There was some discussion as to the practicability of having the celebration so near to the Fourth of July, but this was regarded as a matter which could be determined after more consideration.

The question of financing the holiday also came up for discussion, and the opinion prevailed that the celebration should not be of a character requiring a heavy expense. It was agreed that there should be bands, speaking and a few attractions in the parks, but that the aim should be to make the occasion as much of a home affair as possible, where the people of the city could come together in pleasant recreation and amusement. As a mode of raising the little money required it was suggested by Mr. Maher, and the suggestion was generally approved, that small receptacles should be placed in the stores and factories of the city, into which the people might deposit whatever amounts they choose to defray the expenses. It was suggested that the receptacles should bear the following inscription:

PROCTOR DAY.
Saturday, July 8, 1916.
EVERYBODY'S HOLIDAY!
When all Uticans, old and young, will honor a name that deserves our best.
Voluntary Contributions—From All the People.
DOLLARS! Drop Your Coin Here and
DIMES! Share in the Pleasures of
PENNIES! the Great Day!

MAROONED OVER MONTH.

Had Sack of Flour and Package of Oatmeal, but Went Crazy.

Clayquot, B. C.—Marooned for thirty-four days on a small island in the Pacific ocean is the experience of Everett Fitzpatrick, a rancher of Flores Island, according to word received here. He left Aboumit, where he had purchased provisions, alone in a canoe, and when near a small uninhabited island he was caught in a small and his canoe was swamped.

Fitzpatrick managed to save a sack of flour, a package of oatmeal and a few matches. A case of coal oil also was washed ashore. On these provisions he existed for more than a month. Big waves washed over the small island, but by lashing himself to one of the trees he managed to hold on. He was found by two Pesquoit Indians in a demented condition.

DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS RICH

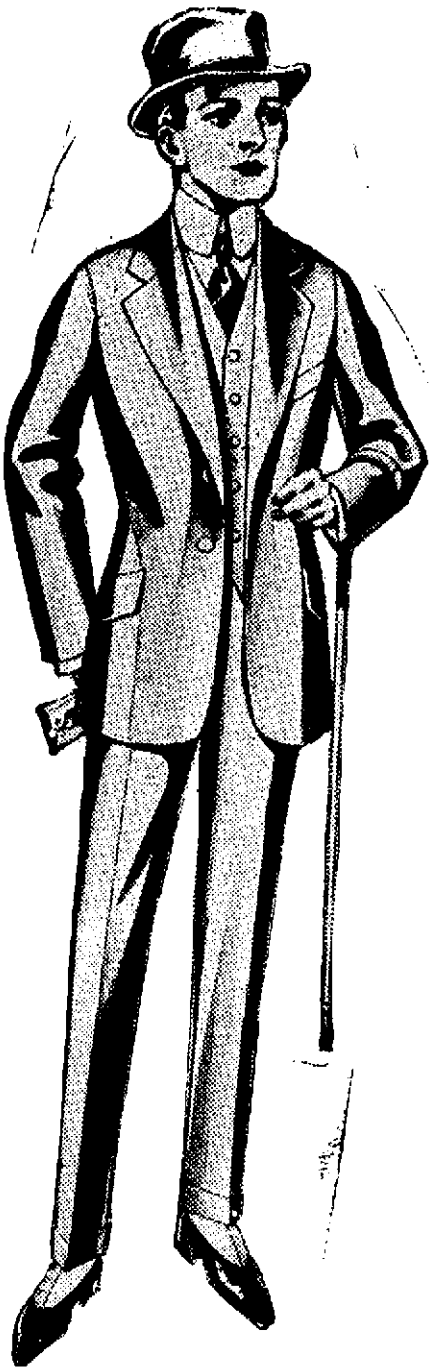
Mother Left \$50,000 to Fireman Four Years Ago, but He Wasn't Curious.

Philadelphia.—John T. Lammon, for more than twenty years a member of the Philadelphia fire department, learned for the first time he had inherited a fortune from his mother, who died four years ago here.

The exact amount has not been definitely ascertained, but is estimated at about \$50,000. Most of it is in bonds, deeds, mortgages and bank deposits, besides a large amount of cash in a safe deposit box in the vaults of the Fidelity Trust company.

"John never was curious," said several of his brother firemen afterward. "It is likely that when his mother died he just moved into her home and never bothered about going through her personal effects."

This is Styleplus Week From Maine to California!



A National Clothing Event for the display and demonstration of the famous suit that always sells at the nationally known price.

Styleplus \$17
Clothes

"The Same Price the Nation Over."

The price is no more this season than it was last season---in spite of the war. It is the only suit in America nationally advertised at one price and thus identified in the public mind as to standard workmanship, standard of woollens as well as standard price.

We will have a big display and we welcome the chance to show you why Styleplus Seventeen is a great achievement---because the makers specialize on this suit of known price.

Distinctive all wool fabrics, plus liberal hand tailoring, plus the work of one of the great fashion artists, all for \$17.

For sale by us alone here.

N. B. Carver & Sons,
10-12 Baltimore St., Hanover, Pa.

Preparedness in the home

The humble little cottage or the mansion on the hill are equally dependent upon the Bell Telephone. It guards when emergencies arise, and is ever serving in a thousand ways, great and small.

It's the Bell Telephone feeling of neighborliness that's alone worth the small cost of service.

Try it and see. The rates are low!

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF PA.
B. H. OVERPECK, Local Manager,
YORK, PA.

Coach Repairing.

I desire to inform the public in general that I am now located in my new building, on Berlin Avenue, where I am better prepared than ever to do all kinds of WOOD REPAIR WORK; Wheels a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

3-18 ALEX. BYER, New Oxford, Pa.

GEO. A. MILLER, PAPER HANGER AND DECORATOR

Lincoln Way, East, New Oxford, Pa.
All Kinds of Wall Hanging at Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Concrete Feed Floors

If you feed your cattle or hogs on the ground, you are paying the price of a concrete feed floor without getting its advantages.

The loss from the feed that is trampled into the mud and wasted soon amounts to more than the cost of a concrete floor, which, if properly laid, will last indefinitely. Our free literature tells how you can easily do such work yourself. It tells how to make concrete fence posts, buildings, silos—how to do everything that can be done with concrete. Write for it.

Concrete for Permanence. SECURITY, the Permanent Cement

Security Cement and Lime Co., Hagerstown, Md.
Members of The Cement Association—The National Body

Sold By
GILBERT & SON,
New Oxford, Pa.

White Pearl FLOUR

Makes The
BEST BREAD.

The truth of this statement is proven by hundreds of pleased and permanent customers.

The Miller's Idea of Quality: First—to give rather than get all that is possible—combined with efficient service—has built the reputation of this Flour.

Sold by all dealers.

Manufactured at Hamilton Roller Mill, R. R. No. 2, East Berlin, Pa.

J. R. Hartman
PROPRIETOR

WANTED. Responsible Men

To sell Watkins Products in parts of Adams and Cumberland counties. An opportunity to get into a business of your own without investing one dollar in the goods you sell. Must be able to furnish team or auto and give personal bond with two responsible sureties.

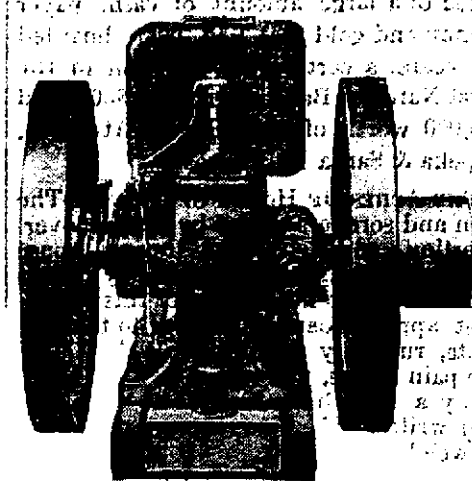
I. A. WILT, New Oxford, Pa.
Bell Phone 28-R5. 12-16

Subscribe for the Item. Only \$1.00.

You Need Help? A. G. RAY

Gasoline Motor

Will Do It.
Buy an Engine of Half the Usual Weight and You'll Use it twice as much.



The New Gray Model "777"

Pulls 7 H. P. Runs one month on One Oiling.

For further information inquire of

J. A. CASHMAN, Agt.,
4-6 New Oxford, Pa.

Quality Meats.

For Choice
Fresh and
Salt Meats

at all times go to the
Centre Square Meat Market.

A full supply to meet your wants always on hand, at lowest prices.

ICE
In connection with the meat market we are prepared to supply you with Pure Ice in any quantity desired.

W. J. MILLER,
N. W. COR. CENTRE SQUARE,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Furniture!

The complete line of good that fill our large rooms of fers you a choice of every thing needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING
in all its branches, a Specialty. Both Phone.

W. A. FEISER,
Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

COACH AND HAMBLETONIAN NOACHUM



This fine Stallion, Noachum, will stand for the season of 1916, at my home midway between New Chester and Hunters-town, every week day during season.

TERMS:—This horse will stand at \$7.50 for single mare, or \$12.00 for two mares, for a colt on foot. Any person parting with mare before she is known to be with foal or failing to bring back regularly for service will be held responsible for insurance money. All possible care will be taken but no responsibility assumed for accidents.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania State Live Stock Sanitary Board, Certificate of Grade Stallion, No. 1416—The pedigree of the Stallion Noachum owned by W. Williams, Gettysburg, Pa., R. D. No. 12, described as follows: Weight 1500 lbs.; height—14 hands; color bay; Coach Hambletonian, foaled in the year 1905, has been examined and is found that the stallion is not of pure breeding, and it is therefore not eligible for registration in any studbook recognized by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Dated at Harrisburg this 13th day of July, 1911.

—C. J. MARSHALL, Sec. S. L. S. B.

The above described stallion is certified as free from hereditary, contagious or transmissible unsoundness or disease by

JAMES W. WILLIAMS,
Owner and Keeper.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Salt, Potatoes and the Best Brands of Flour. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered free to any part of borough.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of LUMBER & COAL of all kinds which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. DUTTERS, Jr.,
New Oxford, Pa.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY.

The German attacks in the Verdun region are now centered against Dead Man's Hill, west of the Meuse. Using liquid fire, the Germans succeeded in gaining a foothold in some small trenches there. Otherwise, the attackers were thrown back, with heavy loss. German attacks south of Douaumont, on the west side of the river, were repulsed, Paris says.

Germany's reply to the United States inquiry regarding the Sussex was delivered to the American ambassador, at Berlin.

The Italian steamship *Unione* and the Spanish steamship *Santander* have been torpedoed. Four passengers died in the disaster to the Spanish vessel. The *Ellaston*, which recently took a sugar cargo from Philadelphia, is reported sunk, but the crew is safe.

WEDNESDAY.

Two more British steamships have been sunk, making an estimated total of eighty-four allied and neutral ships lost since Germany started her U-boat campaign.

A renewed assault by the Germans using flame projectors, on the Verdun front west of the Meuse, was reported by Paris reports. The Germans gained some ground southeast of Douaumont, Berlin says.

Russian artillery checked an attempted infantry advance on Nizhny von Hindenburg, Petrograd reports.

After a winter in inactivity along the Greek frontier, heavy fighting is now under way, although apparently it is still confined principally to artillery actions. An unconfirmed report tells of the capture of a fortified position, Deve Tepe, by the German allies.

Constantinople declares 2000 British were killed in fighting near Fehle on Sunday.

THURSDAY.

Washington's probable reply to the German note on the Sussex and other vessels, reported torpedoed, will be in the form of instructions to Mr. Gerard, the American ambassador at Berlin, which will be this country's last word on the submarine controversy.

A Russian schooner on the way from Gulfport to Marseilles and a British steamship are reported torpedoed.

The attack on Verdun has subsided for the moment, after several days of severe fighting. There were no engagements of importance in that region Wednesday night, the official French statement says.

The Russian attacks have not seriously shaken the German lines and although spirited fighting is still in progress at various points the offensive movement apparently is subsiding.

FRIDAY.

After a cabinet meeting, it was announced that the United States would act on the U-boat situation probably within forty-eight hours. A note will be sent to Berlin demanding that Germany may prove good faith in her assurances to this government, but no time limit for an answer will be sent.

An American seaman was impaled in the reported torpedoing of the British steamship *Inverlyon*. The German admiral claims the destruction by U-boat and mines of eighty trading vessels of hostile nations during March.

London announces that the British have routed the Turk advance lines in an engagement Wednesday on the Tigris.

The Germans are violently bombarding French lines west of the Meuse. Paris reports repulse of a German attack south of Douaumont, on the east of the river.

SATURDAY.

Advices from The Hague say that the German foreign office is perturbed on account of the dissatisfaction expressed in the United States at the German note on the Sussex.

Ten members of the crews of the British steamship *Chic* torpedoed, and the *Shenandoah*, mined, are reported missing.

There was no infantry fighting in the Verdun region Friday night, but French positions west of the Meuse were subjected to heavy bombardment. East of the river an intermittent cannonade was carried on.

Increased activity on the Galician front is indicated by the Austrian war office. Along the lower Sripa there were several brisk engagements for advanced positions. Russian artillery is bombarding portions of this front heavily.

SUNDAY.

While the big guns still pour forth a steady rain of shells on the positions of the opposing armies long practically the entire Verdun front, the infantry has been inactive excepting along the sector between Douaumont and the Vaux wood. Here the French launched an infantry attack and after violent fighting captured portions of some German trenches. According to the French official statement the onslaught was made along the right bank of the Meuse and 200 Germans were made prisoners.

Reports from Petrograd say there was no change along the fronts in Poland, Galicia and the Caucasus.

British aviators attacked Constantinople, dropping bombs on a powder factory and an aeroplane hangar.

Prowell's Millinery, 51 Frederick Street. HANOVER, PA.

It Seems Nothing Exceeds the Beauty of Spring Millinery

—excepting spring itself; and just now when spring is struggling for a foothold, the new models are forerunners of its beauty.

You'll see it in the extremely large sailors.

—in the beautiful hand painted, garden hats.

—in picture hats of untold variety.

—in a new combination of manila straw and velour in bright colors.

—in the scores and hundreds of nameless hats in this paramount assemblage.

New Banded Sailors: More Varied and Colorful

Gaining additional favor as women realize their appropriateness for general wear.

Black lissire sailors; medium brim and 2-inch flange.....\$2.98

Large rolling brim sailor; variety of shaped crowns.....\$3.49

Combination of milan hemp and lissire; white with blue, rose,

green and black.....\$2.98

Manila straw sailors; in rose, blue, black and purple.....\$3.98

Double Brown Surety Stamps given each Friday,
Saturday and Monday, during month of April.

...DO NOT FORGET...

the new and up-to-date store and be sure and visit their new location—

**51 Frederick Street,
HANOVER, PA.**



Flowers For All Occasions.

When in Hanover Easter Week don't fail to visit the Cremer Flower Floral Store, Baltimore Street. The finest display we ever had.

F. E. CREMER, Florist.

Both Phones.

Bud Fisher by Walt Mason

Bud Fisher jumped the old-time rut when he invented Jeff and Mutt. For years, with that amusing pair, he's chased away the people's care, and made them laugh and throw their hats, and cackle till they broke their slats.

The tired, the sad, the weak, the worn, have laughed with Bud, and ceased to mourn; the lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf, have whooped with glee o'er Mutt and Jeff. Where does he find the joyous jests which break the buttons from our vests? You'd think the fount would have to fail, but never once has he been stale. When he sits down to hatch a plot in which his heroes will be caught, he lights his pipe, and soon a joke emerges from Tuxedo smoke. He swears by "Tux" and so will you, when you have tried a jar or two.



BUD FISHER
Famous Cartoonist, says:

"Tuxedo has made a pipe my favorite form of smoking. Its coolness and mildness make pipe-smoking a real pleasure."

Bud Fisher

To Re-open Garage.

The J. C. Myers Garage, on Bolton Street, in rear of Hotel Oxford, which has been closed for several months, will be re-opened by the proprietor on Monday, April 3rd, when, as heretofore, all kinds of repair work will be executed at reasonable prices, and a complete line of auto accessories will be kept on sale.

J. C. MYERS, New Oxford, Pa.

SEED OATS FOR SALE.

We have for sale the famous Canadian "Storm King" Oats, often known as "side oats". Last season in a Gettysburg field we raised 81 bushels per acre, with straw six feet high. Apply to

MARTIN WINTER, Gettysburg, Pa.

Mr. J. F. Rickrode SELLS BUTTERINE AT COST For The Union Trading Co. BEST GRADE 21 Cts. lb. NONE BETTER.

P. A. & S. SMALL CO., York

—Hardware—Paints—and Oils—

MAKE YOUR OWN PAINT Save 58 cts. per gal.



IT'S SIMPLE ... THIS IS HOW

Just mix 3 Gals. Linseed Oil costing about \$2.70

into

4 Gals. L. & M. Semi-Mixed Real Paint, at \$2.25 per gal. 9.00

You then make 7 Gals. Pure Paint for \$11.70

It's only \$1.67 per gal.

Made with right proportions of Lead, Zinc and Linseed Oil, to insure longest wear

Use a gal. out of any L. & M. PAINT you buy and if not the best paint made, return the paint and get ALL your money back

SCHOOL BONDS FOR SALE!

Hanover, Pa., School District No. 1,

These bonds are a direct lien on the real estate valuation of Hanover. A guaranteed gilt-edged security, paying 4 per cent. interest.

PRICE—Par and interest from November 6, 1915. Free of taxes. For particulars call or address

Farmers State Bank,

3-23 HANOVER, PA.

Public Sale!

ON SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

The undersigned, Agent for Miss Anna Camp, will sell at public sale at her residence on Berlin Avenue, in the Borough of New Oxford, the following personal property:

One cook stove, pipe and fixtures; 1 coal oil stove, 2 antique bureaus, 4 antique chairs, 1 sideboard, 1 sink, bedstead, bed spring, 2 rocking chairs, 1 stand, antique doughtray, 2 small mirrors, 2 antique chests, lot of bed clothes, such as antique coverlets, quilts, pillow cases, sheets, homespun linen chafinag and bolster, ironing board, lantern, 2 lamps, lot of dishes, pots, pans, iron tea kettle, buckets, clothes rack, alarm clock, wash boiler, lard can, sad irons, carpet, linoleum, table oil cloth, 1 large 6-legged leaf cherry table, large antique earthen dish, 1/2 ton of coal, tub, and many other articles not mentioned. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock. Terms by C. H. ROBINSON, Agt.

Old Lumber, Etc.

Immediately following the above sale a large lot of Door and Window Frames, Sash and Glass, Doors, old lumber, shingles, etc., will be sold by the undersigned at the old Pfeiffer house, Cor. Lincoln Way and Berlin Ave. Terms by W. F. SHEELY.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In pursuance of a writ of *Fieri Facias*, issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale on SATURDAY, the 29th day of APRIL, 1916, at 2 in the afternoon at the Court House in the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams County, the following real estate, viz:

A Tract of Land situate in Berwick Township, Adams County, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by land of Mr. Wildasin, on the south by land of Mr. Sterner, on east by land of Mr. Stambaugh and on the west by land of Mr. Sneeringer, containing two acres, more or less; improved with 1 1/2 story log house, etc.

Seized and taken into execution as the property of William E. Reed, and to be sold by me.

H. J. HARTMAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's office, Gettysburg, Pa., April 6, 1916.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money upon all sales by the sheriff must be paid over immediately after the property is struck down or upon failure to comply therewith the property will be put up again for sale.

Farming and Stock Raising.

Drop me a card and I will tell you about the many farms we have to offer at low figures. From forty to several hundred acres each. Land that will produce more than the average Penn'a. land, with less labor and expense. Some close to Towns and Railroads.

JOHN R. BURKHOLDER,
3-23, Lancaster, Pa.

W. C. Allen, a farmer at Towanda, is at the point of death from injuries inflicted by a vicious hog, which tore one of his legs into shreds, severing cords and rupturing blood vessels, baring the bone in several places.

Read The Item advertisements and be posted on what is new and where it can be obtained.

Her dress igniting from a burst of flame caused by pouring gasoline into a hole in the ground where a fire was smoldering, Mrs. Wilbur E. Laumaster, of York, was severely burned. It is said her condition is critical. The woman had used the gasoline to clean gloves.

Launching his boat in the Susquehanna river at Marietta, for the summer coast the life of Burd Shellenberger, 23 years old. Finding the car locked, he became frightened when his craft entered the swift running current of the rising stream, and fell overboard and drowned.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The public is hereby notified that all the live stock, chickens, farming implements, wagons, harness, and all other personal property now in the possession of Samuel Pipe, residing on the N. M. Dicks farm, in Reading Township, Adams County, is the property of the undersigned, and all persons are warned not to trade or deal for same in any way except through me.

JACOB M. MUMMERT,
Hampton, Pa.

If you want the news subscribe for and read THE ITEM.